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Bellefonte Republican.

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Editorial Briefs.

THIS is a Republican year.

VOTE for the full Republican ticket, if you wish good government.

NEXT Tuesday will be election day. Vote the straight Republican ticket.

COL. S. M. JACKSON is a thorough business man. Vote for him for State Treasurer,

VOTE for Strohm and Riddle for County Commissioners. They are both good men and should be elected.

A CROSS marked in the circle at the top of the first column of the official ballot will this year mean a straight Republican ticket, and there will be a large majority of that particular kind cast.

IF ever John Q. Miles hustled he is doing so now to try to be elected treasurer of Centre county. Mr. Comley, the Republican candidate, is giving him just lots of trouble and is taking votes from him by the hundred. The people are evidently doing considerable thinking in this campaign and hence propose to vote for the right and for the best men. This they will be doing by voting for Comley.

MR. J. L. HOLMES, the Republican nominee for Recorder is a merchant at State College. Outside his own township Mr. Holmes' acquaintanceship may be somewhat limited but at home, where he is known, he will not only poll his own party vote, but will win many democratic votes. Mr. Holmes is a smart, intelligent young man, and would fill very creditably the office of Recorder, if the people elect him with their votes.

J. E. RICKARD, the Republican candidate for Register, is making it warm for Mr. Rumberger. The latter thought he would have an easy walkover, but of late he has awakened to the fact that his chances are very few and that he must work hard, even to hope for success. Mr. Rickard is an energetic, pushing fellow, well equipped for the performance of the duties of the office to which he aspires, and the people, knowing this, intend to vote for him. Vote for Rickard for Register.

THERE is no State from which the vote will be awaited with more interest than New Jersey. The disgrace the Democratic party has brought on the State is a national shame. Ballot box stuffing, race track legislation and a gerrymander that puts to the blush many of the worst outrages of this kind are the fruits of Democratic control. All this has been made possible by the Democratic party having the Governorship and a majority in both Houses of the Legislature. The people will have an opportunity next week to overthrow this in the majority Legislature and make it possible to undo these iniquitous laws. One-third of the Senate and an entire lower house are to be elected. If New Jersey neglects this opportunity to set herself right before the country the intelligent, honest people of that State, who must be in a majority, cannot find fault if they are set down as acquiescing in New Jersey's disgrace.

Now let the democratic press come forward with their proof of their slanderous assertion as to what Dr. John F. Harter said, or what he did not say. Dr. Harter defies them to produce the man that heard him make any such remark as he is charged with. Of course, it was only to be supposed that the county press would resort to some such low business to affect to stem the tide of popularity in favor of Mr. Harter. They have taken desperate measures but they will find it all counts for nought. Their slanderous attacks will pass over his head and the doctor will sail on the unruffled seas of his own popularity and the will of the people. Mr. Harter has conducted a manly campaign. He has refrained from bringing personalities into the issue. He has confined himself to strictly party issues and a legitimate political warfare, and we believe he will be elected by a good, safe majority. The voters of Centre county will be consulting their own interests by voting for Harter for Sheriff.

A SUFFICENT ANSWER.

The Democratic claim that the tariff has no effect on wages is most emphatically not the opinion of either the glass operators or their employes, as the agreement between them approved yesterday by the latter amply proves. That agreement expressly provides for a read-justment of the wage-scale in the event of a reduction in the tariff, and in addition there is a clause providing for the allowance of an extra light in each 50 foot box in order to place the American manufacturer on an equality with his French competitor. Facts like these tear free trade theories to shreds.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, Oct. 30, 1893.

The silver question is abont to be settled, at last. And the settlement is to be very different from the compromise which a week ago seemed to have been determined upon by the democratic Senators. The Voorhees bill is to be passed without any amendment, altnough Mr. Cleveland endeavored to have it dropped on account of its declaration in favor of bi-metallism and to have the Senate pass the Wilson bill just as it came from the House.

Ever since the opponents of unconditional repeal announced that they would no longer throw any obstacle in the way of taking a vote on the Voorhees bill one story has followed another in rapid succession, each pretending to give the reason for the unexpected change. Some of these stories were interesting, but so absurd that it was easy to see that their only foundation was guess work. It is enough to know that the Voorhees bill will certainly become a law during the present week, without speculating upon the cause of the accomplishment of a seeming impossibility—that of getting a vote upon it in the Senate; the inside history of the whole business will gradually leak out. But Senaotr Gorman's statement of the reason is being much talked about. He said, in effect, that Senator Sherman, as the leader of the republicans, and of a majority of those Senators who represented the repeal sentiment, held the key to the situation and dictated terms to the administration and the Senate. This was certainly a remarkable statement to come from a man who is regarded as one of the democratic leaders of the Senate, and if the democrats can get any comfort out of it surely no republican will object.

The Senate is now disposing of the various amendments to the Voorhees bill, allowing Senators to square themselves as best they may with their constituents by remarks on each of them as they are taken up, but it is the general belief that they will all be disposed of and the main bill be passed unamended and sent back to the House by Wednesday at the latest, and possibly before then. No delay is looked for in the House, although there may be some trouble about getting a quorum, if the silver men carry out their threat of no voting.

Senator Sherman made a very interesting speech on the financial condition of the government in which he stated that he had concluded to introduce later on as a separate measure his proposition authorizing the issuing of $100,000,000 in five year three per cent bonds in denominations of $50 and multiples thereof instead of offering it as an amendment to the Voorhees bill, as he had at first intended. He sharply criticised the democrats for not having provided for an issue of bonds in the pending bill and said that the gold reserve fund was now being illegally encroached upon by the administration to pay the current expenses of the government. He also positively stated that the Secretary of the Treasury had no authority under the act of 1875 to issue bonds for any other purpose than to maintain the parity of United States notes with gold. He said in conclusion: "If you leave the Secretary in the present condition of affairs unarmed with the authority to borrow money on the credit of the United States, you neglect your perfect duty when it is plainly called to your attention. Under existing law there is no power to sell any of those bonds except for the purpose of having gold enough to redeem U. S. notes. And no Secretary of the Treasury will dare issue either of these species of bonds (4, 4 1-2 and 5 per cent) even if the law permitted him to do so." A sensation followed Senator Butler's asking Senator Sherman if the Secretary of the Treasury had asked for bonds and the latter's intimation that he believed he had. It staggered the democratic Senators who are kept in the dark as to the intentions of the administration.

The news from Virginia is very disquieting to the democratic managers. It seems that O'Farrell has made his whole campaign on the basis that the silver question would be settled in Congress by a compromise, and now, according to his own frantic telegrams to his democratic friends, the prospect of unconditional repeal has knocked the bottom out of every speech he has made in the campaign, and he regards his defeat as probable, unless the final vote on the Voorhees bill can be put off until after election. The populists say the Voorhees bill has made it certain that they will carry Virginia, because of the preponderance of the silver sentiment in the rural sections of the state Republicans in Congress are as a rule perfectly indifferent to the result in Virginia. They say that it will not in the end be of any benefit to the republican party to have the populists carry Virginia. They are, however, enjoying the fright of the democratic brethren.

THE CHICAGO TRAGEDY.

The assassination of Carter H. Harrison, mayor of Chicago, is an event startling in its nature, but it seems to have been the work of a single individual, and he a madman. When the life of a high official is taken in that summary and reckless manner the mind naturally associates the act with the spirit of anarchism which has seized a considerable element of the population in the larger cities and which has been conspicuously demonstrated at times in Chicago. Since the Haymarket assassinations of a few years ago anarchism has not been so rampant anywhere in the country but very recent events in Chicago show that it is still active in that city and most potential as a political lever. There is yet no evidence that Prendergast, the slayer of Harrison, was instigated by others, or that he had any rational motive for the bloody deed. He seems to have been moved by an insane impulse, born of a strange hallucination, and yet his purpose was concealed in a manner indicating a degree of cunning not often manifested by mad men.

Mayor Harrison has long been known to the whole country, not as a politician merely, but as a writer, speaker, traveler and editor. It was as a local political manager that he gained his widest notoriety. He served two terms in Congress without having distinguished himself beyond the ordinary, but during his career as mayor, extending over a period of eight years, he made himself almost absolute master, politically speaking. He had won to his support, through methods which were severely condemned, the vicious and the criminal elements, and defied opposition. He was beaten for re-election some three years ago because of a division in the ranks of his own party, but during the present year he was chosen chief executive by an unprecedented majority.

Carter Harrison was a man of education and of marked personality. He was bold to the point of recklessness, liberal to the verge of license, a partisan of the most intense type, and never scrupled to gain his political ends through the most reprehensible methods. He was not without good traits, and notwithstanding the severe condemnation meted out to him by the press and through other public agencies from time to time he had the personal regard and countenance of men of all classes.

He wielded too large an influence, personally as well as politically, to be ignored even in a social way. His career was most remarkable, as his end has been tragic and deplorable.

MAY DIE FOR HIS PRIDE.

The boarding house of Rev. G. W. Dunlap, Williamsport, Pa., was the scene last Saturday evening of a novel blood-letting episode. Among the boarders was Earnest Brown, about 22 years old, who had come to town four weeks ago from Denver. That evening he came home, paid his week's board, and after supper went alone to his room to dress. Soon cries for assistance were heard, and he was found lying on the bed bleeding profusely. A son of Rev. Dunlap summoned Dr. W E Glosser, who found Brown suffering from a deep knife cut in his right side, which the patient declares was self-inflicted. At the hospital the patient states that he had been dressing, and that his necktie wouldn't fit to suit him, and that in anger he grabbed his knife and thrust the blade into his side. He may not recover.

A CAMPAIGN LIE.

Last week's *Centre Democrat* and *Watchman* indulged in the publication of a campaign lie against Dr. John F. Harter. Both papers accused Mr. Harter of saying that "The intelligence of the country is in the Republican party." We are authorized to state that the charge is utterly false, has no foundation whatever. Mr. Harter denies ever having said the above or anything that could be so construed, and he challenges anybody to produce the man that heard him make any such assertion. The above papers must be hard up, indeed, for campaign news to stoop to such despicable falsehoods as the above. However, the people will answer at the polls how they believe such charges.

DEMOCRATIC TIMES.

From the Troy Times.

When the great shirt, collar and cuff industries of Troy are running full time they employ from 15,000 to 16,000 persons and the pay roll reaches $4,300,000 per year. Just now these industries are running with half their full force and the pay roll is reduced in the same proportion. As a result the people of Rensselaer County are receiving $2,150,000 less this year than they were last. This is the price paid in one line of work alone for the "change" from Republican good times to the present Democratic paralysis under threatened "tariff reform." How do the people of Rensselaer County like it?

VOTE for Harter and all the others.

NATIONAL FINANCES.

The Senate has acted wisely in substituting the Voorhees Repeal bill for the Wilson bill on its calendar. So far as the repeal of the Sherman act is concerned, the effect of the two measures is identical. But the so-called Vorhees bill was framed in accordance with the views of the republican members of the Senate Finance Committee and contains a positive and outspoken declaration in favor of bimetallism, which is lacking in the Wilson bill. It says:

It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic value. And it is hereby further declared that the efforts of the government should be steadily directed to the establishment of such a safe system of bimetallism as will maintain at all times the equal power of every dollar coined or issued by the United States in the markets and in the payment of debts in exchangeable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as will insure the maintenance of the parity in value of the coins of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts.

These statements are in line with consistent Republican policy. They pledge the government explicitly to the Republican and American principle of the bimetallism, equally opposed to unlimited silver coinage on one hand and British gold monometallism on the other. The enactment of this measure would constitute a guarantee that the vast silver interests of the nation shall not be wantonly sacrificed. It would pave the way for the legislation for the protection of silver, which is necessary to place the currency on a thoroughly stable basis and promote the welfare of the whole country.

The question of a bond issue is dividing attention with the silver problem. The Press hopes that Senator Sherman will insist on the adoption of his proposition to strengthen the gold reserve by selling bonds. The misery and ruin of the late panic might have been averted if President Cleveland had promptly reinforced the Treasury gold. The need for a larger reserve has by no means passed. The gold in the Treasury is now little more than $80,000,000. A deficit of at least $50,000,000 in revenue for the present fiscal year confronts the incapable Democratic Administration. Grover Cleveland and John G. Carlisle have shown that they cannot be trusted to protect the public interests in a great emergency. The power to bring about another panic with its wide disaster and its multitude of broken lives should be taken from them. The dictates of statesmanship and patriotism plainly call for the establishment of a fund of gold which will place the integrity of every American dollar beyond all doubt and make it impossible for these incompetent and untrustworthy politicians to wreck the national credit which Republicanism has built up with infinite labor and skill.

The gold reserve should be $200,000,000 or more. The opposition of the Administration and its followers to the plan which Senator Sherman has suggested should not deter Republican Senators from introducing and supporting a measure to fortify the Treasury by the sale of bonds. The Democracy has shown its utter inability to deal with the great questions of the hour. The firm array of Republicans in the Senate should demand a bond issue which will make the currency absolutely safe.

IT IS REPEALED.

The long struggle in the senate came to an end last evening, the silver purchase clause of the Sherman act having been repealed by a vote of 43 yeas to 32 nays. Of those voting in the affirmative 23 were Republicans and 20 were Democrats. Mr. QUAY voted yea and Mr. CAMERON nay. The negative vote was made up of Democrats and Populists, with the silver-state Republicans.

Notwithstanding the fact that this result has been generally anticipated by the country, and almost certainly foreshadowed for a week past, its final consummation will be hailed with wide satisfaction, especially by the business and financial interests. It is to be hoped that the effects upon our commercial, financial and industrial affairs will be beneficial even beyond the most sanguine expectations. If the administration has not been deceived in its convictions as to the adverse and depressing consequences of the continued purchases of silver bullion, there should be a prompt return of business activity in all departments of trade. The repeal bill will be signed as soon as it passes the house, which will take place in a very short time. Let us hope that the country has experienced the worst, and that from this day on there will be a steady and gratifying recovery.

—A prohibition political meeting was held in the court house last Saturday evening. It could not have been very successful as it was continued in various places all day Sunday. That is one beauty in being a Prohibitionist, you can electioneer any time and call it the Lord's work.

PROGRESS OF THE CANVASS.

On both sides the political campaign in this State—now in its last week—has been exceedingly dull. Very little apparent interest has been manifested outside of those immediately engaged in party work. It is not by any means an unprecedented situation. There have been many such campaigns in the past in what are called the off-years, and particularly in the year succeeding a Presidential election.

The latest most marked instance of this was the canvass of 1889, when Henry K. Boyer was elected State Treasurer. The previous year the Republicans had cast 526,091 votes for Harrison for President and the democrats had given Cleveland 446,633. With only a State Treasurer to elect on the general ticket the campaign was altogether lifeless, and Boyer was elected by a majority of 6,000 on a vote that fell more than 100,000 short of the Democratic vote of twelve months before. The total Republican vote in 1889 was 341,244, a drop from the previous year of 134,847; the democratic vote was 280,338, a drop of 166,295 from that given in the Presidential year. These figures and the apparently similar character of that campaign with the one this year afford a very interesting opportunity for calculation.

It would be curious, however, to overlook the fact that there are really very important points of difference, which, while not entering into the surface features of the canvass, are likely to have a considerable influence on the result. This influence will be exercised by an element which is not openly identified with partisan movements. It has a reason for direct participation at the polls this year which did not exist in 1889. Then a Republican National Administration had just been inaugurated, with Congress in full political sympathy, and the country was in a state of prosperity and security. There was no disturbance of this confidence as long as that Administration remained in power, Now a Democratic National Administration has been but recently inaugurated with a Democratic Congress. The country is threatened with the destruction of the protective system, which has encouraged its industries and prospered its people, and that menace has been sufficient to paralyze every channel of business.

Many thousands of people are out of employment and many other thousands are working on reduced time and reduced pay. There is no remedy for this under a Democratic policy. The execution of that policy can only serve to complete the ruin which the menace of it has begun. The people can halt it only by the most emphatic and decisive protest at the polls a week hence, and an overwhelming Republican majority will be such a protest. It will be a denunciation of that Democratic policy which has already plunged the country into a panic and it will be a notice that it must not be carried any further.

If there ever was a time when the people had a patriotic reason for voting that time is now. We believe this is understood; that it is appreciated by men in every branch of business and industry, and that they do not intend to be silent when so much is involved. We shall be much surprised if the Republican majority in Pennsylvania does not considerably lead the off-year average.

THE SHEEP TICK, THE FLIES AND THE WOLF.

A moral fable: A Tick had fattened on a Patient Sheep for many moons, and hung to its breast until at last the Sheep got tired and scraped it off against a stump, and left it kicking.

"You're not the mutton you used to be anyhow," cried the Tick, as it kicked, "and I'll call a party of these Flies that are buzzing around after sugar, and we'll hold a fusion meeting on the nose of Friend Wolf over there under the bush, and denounce you."

"I can spare you," said the Wise Old Sheep," but you were a long time finding out that I was tough,"

And they went, the Tick and the Flies, with a great buzzing sound; and the Wolf winked at them and opened his jaws wide and hospitably.

"Step inside." said he, "you'll be more comfortable under cover." And they did, for they couldn't stand exposure. And then he winked the other eye, and shut his jaws suddenly, saying:

"I don't much relish them, but every little helps when you're hungry."

And the Sheep all flocked together with their horns turned out, and laughed when the Democratic Wolf howled; and asked him how they lay on his stomach.

—Since July first Pennsylvania has had completed 364 miles of new track, which is more than twice as much as has been put down in any other State in the union.

THE NEW BALLOT.

How it is to be Voted at the Coming Fall Election.

The State Department has sent out to each Board of County Commissioners in the state sample ballots and blanks necessary to be used under the amended ballot law. Under the provisions of the ballot law, as amended by the last Legislature, the work of voters at the coming election will be much less intricate than at the last two elections. The official ballots will, of course, be considerable smaller, as but ten offices are to be filled, but the method of voting has been simplified very materially and but little excuse remains for incorrect marking, a reason seized upon in February last for throwing out many ballots when the count was in progress.

The voter can now vote a straight ticket by simply making a cross (x) in a circle placed at the head of each column of candidates, instead of being compelled to make his cross after the party denomination above each group of candidates. For instance, at the last November election the voter voting a straight ticket was compelled to make eight crosses, one above the groups devoted to Presidential Electors, Congressman at Large and Judge of Supreme Court; District Congressmen, Senators, Representatives and other county officers.

In splitting his ticket the voter has only to make a cross in the square at the right of the name of each candidate voted for, care being taken not to mark in the circle at the head of either column. The Prohibition candidates will this year have a column of their own and a blank column will be provided on the official ballot in which to write the names of candidates nominated by nominations or for whom the voter, for some reason, desires to cast his ballot.

An amendment that will obviate the throwing out of so large a number of ballots as heretofore provides that, "if a voter marks more names than he is entitled to vote for an office, or if for any reason, it is impossible to determine the voter's choice for any office to be filled, his ballot shall not be counted for that offices but shall be counted for all other offices for which the names of candidates have been properly marked."

WHAT THE INDUSTRIAL CENSUS SHOWS.

From the Baltimore American.

Facts are greater than arguments and the facts of tariff agitation are full of melancholy significance. The American Protective Tariff League announced the result of its industrial census. This census comprises 684 reports from forty-four different States and the results of it are summarized as follows:—

Decrease in labor since November 5, 1892, is 60½ per cent.

Decrease in wages since November 5, 1892, is 69 per cent.

Decrease in business since November 5, 1892, is 47.2 per cent.

Number of hands out of work is 101,763.

The loss in total weekly wages is $1,202,851.36.

Average decrease in the rate of wages is $2.35 per week.

In other words, while on November 5, 1892, there were employed in 684 industries 169,423 hands, earning $1,762,288.30 in wages, there are now employed only 67,660 hands earning only $549,436.94. What lesson could be plainer? Stop agitating the tariff!

A WATER HAUL.

When Mr. William Kephart, bookkeeper for Hoover, Hughes & Co., opened the firm's office, adjoining the planing mill on North Presqueisle street, on Monday morning, he was astonished to find it in a topsy turvey condition. Burglars had entered the office by boring a whole in the rear door large enough to allow them to reach in and throw the deadlatch back. They had then evidently closed the shutters and looted the office under the impression that there was money concealed somewhere. They drilled a hole in the iron door of the large vault, blew the lock off and ransacked the vault. The tin cash boxes were pried open, which was lost labor, as there was no money in them. A tin box containing Mr. Hoover's private papers was bursted open and the papers were scattered all over the office. The various desks in the several officeswere rummaged completely, yielding nothing except some postage stamps. The thieves evidently intended to blow open the inner safe in the vault, as some powder lay in front of it, but were doubtless frightened away before they accomplished the job. The burglars were experts and did their nefarious work so quietly and quickly that the watchman at the mill didn't see or hear anything. —*Philipsburg Ledger.*

—Mrs. Sarah Long died on Friday of last week at her home at Centre Hill, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. She was a member of the Evangelical church.

PELEG BUNKER'S SHIP

SHE WAS NOVEL IN CONCEPTION, EXECUTION AND LAUNCHING.

A Unique and Exciting Event That Marked a Red Letter Era In That Section of the Old Pine Tree State From Charleston to Tidewater at Bangor.

"Talking of shipbuilding, did you ever hear of a seagoing vessel being built 25 miles from navigation and carried on wheels down to tidewater and launched?" said F. W. Norcross of The Shoe and Leather Reporter the other day. "I have, and I was literally 'in it' at the launching. Let me tell you about a schooner that was built in Charleston, Me., up in the woods north of Bangor.

"Captain Peleg Bunker was an old fishing skipper, who many years ago thought he had got enough of the sea, and so bought him a farm up in Charleston and settled down to live on the land. It didn't take him long to find out that that was no kind of life for him, and he pined for the sea. There were with him on the farm his two grownup sons, who had saved some money. They had found sweethearts among the neighbors' daughters and were beginning to plan for farms of their own.

"Well, the old captain got more and more restless, and at last, one July morning, when the wind from the south blew a breath of the sea up inland, Captain Bunker stood snuffing it in. Of a sudden he turned round to his two boys, who were at work sharpening their scythes for haying.

"'Boys,' he said, 'if you'll build me a fishing smack you may have the farm.'

"The young men thought it over and then took him at his word. They got in Bangor all the materials that had to be bought. All the timbers they found almost at their doors waiting to be cut and hauled, for in that day the lumber woods were all about them. When everything was ready at hand, they laid the keel in their farmyard, and in six months had built the hull of a fine shipshape schooner 50 feet long, completely fitted up and painted, with the spars lying alongside—for her masts and rigging were to be put in after the launching.

"The next thing was to get her afloat. Twenty-five miles of hilly road lay between her and tidewater. The builders took a time in the year when farmwork was slack to haul her to Bangor. Maine country people were neighborly in those days, and when the Bunkers got ready to move their craft all the farmers in the township were ready to help. You perhaps know what a Maine ox cart is—that wide, tieup affair on a pair of immense heavy wheels. The farmers came in with their ox carts, took off the bodies from a dozen of them, ranged the pairs of wheels in line one after another, then, all hands helping, ran the schooner upon them, blocked her up on an even keel clear of the tires, and there she was, ready to start.

"The next day the farmers were all on hand with 20 yokes of oxen, everybody cocked and primed for Bangor and a picnic. When they had got the 20 yokes of oxen strung out in a long line before the wheels, attached to them by one great chain used in booming logs, and the word was given, every red shirted driver swung his goad stick, yelled at his oxen, and the schooner, christened the Peleg Bunker, began her voyage over the hills to Bangor. From a pole in the stern fluttered an American flag, and from the bows another upheld a white streamer bearing the vessel's name. All along the route the people came long distances to behold the vessel moving along the highway going like a duck to water. The schoolhouses were emptied of their barefooted urchins, who ran alongside the schooner, and a procession of farm wagons followed in its wake. Farmers along the route opened up barrels of cider and passed it in pails and tin dippers along the line, and when night came their houses were opened in free hospitality to the teamsters.

"I was a youngster then. My father was in the procession with two yokes of oxen, and he said that I might go along. Proud enough I felt to ride on the schooner's topgallant forecastle alongside Captain Bunker, and standing with my hand on the flagstaff overlook the other boys running alongside.

"The first day we made about 15 miles. On the second, at about noon, the procession came into the city. All Bangor had heard of our coming and turned out to receive us. The sidewalks were crowded, and there were faces in all the windows. The public schools were adjourned that the pupils and teachers might see the sight, and they were all there, you may be sure.

"The teamsters did their prettiest at wielding the goad stick and shouting to the oxen as down Main street and the Hampden road the schooner passed to the riverside landing. There the rollers had been laid, and with the help of many willing hands the Peleg Bunker glided into the Penobscot and floated with the appearance for the first time of being at home. It was the old days of open rum drinking, and the teamsters were so hospitably treated by the citizens of Bangor that they returned to Charleston in scattered order, and it was a week before the last stragglers arrived home, but all were happy, and there was nobody to find fault.

"Captain Bunker staid by his vessel. With no loss of time he had her rigged, provisioned, and with a crew of 8 or 10 men was off for the winter fishing on the Newfoundland banks. After that he sometimes came back to the farm for a visit, but he followed the sea to a green old age. The Peleg Bunker proved a seaworthy and lucky vessel, and for all I know may be still afloat, althongh her captain, for whom she was named, has long since paid the debt of nature."—New York Sun.

Shoes.

When your shoes squeak, go to the shoemaker and have him put a peg in the middle of the sole, and there will be no more loud proclamations. Another thing, when you buy a pair of new shoes and they hurt you, put water in them and let them remain for a minute and then pour it out, and if your shoes burn or hurt you after that you can say this is wrong. The water takes all the natural heat out of the leather and makes the shoes comfortable.—St. Louis Republic.

Limewater.

To make limewater you take some well and newly burned limestone and pour water over it as long as the stone seems to absorb it, and allow it to stand. If not breaking down freely, sprinkle a little more water over it. A small quantity is best done in a vessel, such as an old cask, so that it can be covered with a board or bag. After being slaked add about a pound of it to every 10 gallons of cold water, then stir and allow to settle.—Philadelphia Times.

The Reason.

"Why do you always patronize Chinese laundrymen?"

"They do not wear American shirts."—Truth.

EDISON'S METHODS.

He Does Not Invent by Accident or Without Hard Work.

His genius comes near to justifying that definition of the word which makes it an infinite capacity for taking pains. "Are your discoveries often brilliant intuitions? Do they come to you while you are lying 'awake nights?'" I asked him.

"I never did anything worth doing by accident," he replied, "nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. No, when I have fully decided that a result is worth getting, I go ahead on it and make trial after trial until it comes. I have always kept strictly within the lines of commercially useful inventions. I have never had any time to put on electrical wonders valuable simply as novelties to catch the popular fancy." And he named in distinction some noted electricians who had made their reputations through the pyrotechnics of the profession.

"What makes you work?" I asked, with real curiosity. "What impels you to this constant, tireless struggle? You have shown that you care comparatively nothing for the money it makes, and you have no particular enthusiasm in the attending fame."

"I like it," he answered after a moment of puzzled expression, and then he repeated his reply several times, as if mine was a proposition that had not occurred to him before. "I like it. I don't know any other reason. You know some people like to collect stamps. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished. And then I hate it."

"Hate it?" I asked, struck by his emphatic tones.

"Yes," he affirmed, "when it is all done and is a success I can't bear the sight of it. I haven't used a telephone in 10 years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an incandescent light."—Review of Reviews.

Father Ohrwalder.

At the central entrance of the Refuge home we were received by an Austrian priest and conducted into a spacious apartment with whitewashed walls and marble floor. Scarcely had we seated ourselves before a tall, thin man, with sunken cheeks, long black hair and straggling beard, entered the room and greeted us kindly.

It was hard to realize at first that this was really Father Ohrwalder; that there before us in actual flesh and blood was the patient, noble, heroic martyr who had endured such terrible sufferings for the last 10 years; who had been intimately acquainted with the mahdi and the khalifa; who had enjoyed the personal friendship of General Gordon, Emin Pasha, Slatin Bey and most of those whose names are as household words in connection with the Soudan; who had actually been at El Obeid at the time of the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army; who was familiar with every nook and corner of Omdurman and Khartoom and who had so lately emerged from what had been in literal truth "the valley of the shadow of death."

Plain, simple, straightforward and unaffected, without the slightest trace of self consciousness on the one hand or of mock modesty on the other, ready to answer all inquiries fully, freely and without exaggeration or reserve, Father Ohrwalder might have been the most commonplace of individuals for all the pretension which he made to the contrary.

And yet as the conversation deepened in interest and intimacy one became gradually more sensible, not only from his words, but from the expression of his countenance and from his general demeanor, that he in whose presence we were was no ordinary man.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Dog's Gratitude.

A 10-year-old little girl had fallen into the Tiber that day (July 24) from the parapets of the Ponte Margherita. The crowd who witnessed the accident merely ran hither and thither on the bridge and the banks calling for some one to help the child—nobody daring to do so. Two policemen spent the time in making inquiries as to whether "it was a case of murder or suicide." The child meanwhile was visibly drowning, when a dog—a workman's miserable dog, destined to end a wretched day in the stabularia municipale (lost dogs' yard)—leaped barking into the Tiber under the eyes of all the screaming but useless crowd.

The poor beast, accustomed to feed upon street offal and to sleep in any shed it could find, swam out to the little girl in peril, caught her dress and drew her to the shore. When he saw her in safety, the dog jumped and bayed for joy, licking the child's face and hands. It appears they had been friends. The child had known the dog in a manufactory at Prati di Castello, and the poor animal was grateful to her to her for some crumbs or caresses. The crowd then tried to catch the dog to see how an animal more brave than so many men was made, but it ran through their midst and disappeared.—Zoophilist.

The Speed of a Cricket Ball.

The speed at which a cricket ball is delivered by a fast bowler may be roughly estimated at a mile a minute. When Mr. C. T. B. Turner, the Australian bowler, visited Woolwich arsenal, he was requested by an official to bowl through the electric screens in use for measuring the velocity of projectiles. It was found that, at a point representing half way between the wickets, the velocity of Turner's ball was 81 feet per second, or 50 miles an hour. At this rate the ball would traverse the pitch in 2-27ths of a second. Several bowlers, however, as, for instance, Mold, the Lancashire professional, and Kortright, the Essex marvel, bowl faster than Turner, and this would bring the pace to the mile per minute. It may be well understood that a batsman has to keep all his wits about him to guard his wickets and his body from such attacks as these.—Scottish Referee.

Measuring Rhode Island.

The following incident I heard related of a recent banquet. Captain Wimans of Rhode Island was there. He is a venerable looking, but lively old gentleman, with white hair flowing down over his coat collar and with a face resembling that of the late Henry Ward Beecher. The toastmaster arose to introduce Captain Wimans and jokingly said: "The captain hails from that famous state of Rhode Island. Let me see, how many square feet are there in Rhode Island, captain?"

Quick as a flash the little old gentleman was standing, and with his white hair flowing over his shoulders he exclaimed:

"Rhode Island is not measured by feet, sir, but by heads."—Seattle Post.

Embarrassing.

Miss Elder—Yes, Mr. Skidds, the servant who admitted you has been in our family for 40 years.

Mr. Skidds (anxious to say something)—How interesting! Of course she is attached to you from having nursed you in your infancy.—Detroit Free Press.

FLIES FASTER THAN THE MOON.

The Extraordinary Velocity of a Shot Fired From a French Gun.

Quite independently of any questions as to the advantages of modern ordnance in actual warfare, the scientific aspects of certain recent achievements in gunnery are eminently noteworthy. It appears that a gun has been constructed at Ruelle which has an internal diameter of 6.49 inches. The length of the bore is no less than 48¾ feet—that is to say, about 90 times the diameter. The advantage sought by giving such unusual proportions to the weapon is to enable the pressure of the gases produced by the exploding powder to act as long as possible on the projectile. By this means a velocity of projection has been obtained which is, I believe, a record performance.

Not many years ago a velocity of 1,300 feet per second imparted to the missile at the moment of issue from the muzzle would have been considered a good result. But with the remarkable piece of artillery whose dimensions have just been specified a speed three times as great is stated to have been obtained. The actual figure indicated by the delicate instrument employed in such measurements is 3,981 feet per second. This tremendous velocity is more than three-quarters of a mile per second.

No doubt the earth hurries along in its orbit at a rate more than 20 times greater than that which this cannon has communicated to its projectile, so that our globe need fear no rivalry from artillery. But the moon must look to its laurels. It appears that our satellite only accomplishes about 3,330 feet per second in its revolution round the earth. We thus learn that now, for the first time, a piece of ordnance has been constructed capable of launching forth a missile with a velocity actually exceeding that with which the queen of night wends her solitary way.—London Graphic.

Washington's Marble Gavel.

The handsome marble gavel used by President George Washington at the laying of the cornerstone of the United States capitol 100 years ago is now in possession of the Potomac Lodge of Masons of Georgetown, by whom it is guarded with care almost amounting to veneration. For fear that it might be stolen or injured, it was ordered years ago to place the precious relic in the strong vaults of the Farmers and Mechanics' bank, and from there it has never been removed, except on the order of the lodge. No one man is allowed to take it in his possession even for a day.

Whenever the lodge is requested to allow the gavel to leave the vaults to be used at some cornerstone laying, a committee of three is always appointed to bear the relic company until its return. The gavel has been in the possession of the lodge since the day President Washington presented it to Master Valentine Rentzel of Columbia, No. 19, of Maryland, which later became known as Potomac lodge, No. 5. The presentation took place immediately after the ceremonies of the day which is now celebrated had been concluded.

The gavel is of a fine quality of marble, slightly yellowish in appearance and about 8 inches long. It once received through an accident a severe fall, which chipped several pieces from one of the faces, but these are now held in place by bright gold bands. An appropriate inscription is on the mallet. In the early days of the mallet it was stolen at one of the cornerstone layings which took place in Washington and was recovered some time later way up in Massachusetts, where it had been sold to a junk dealer.—Washington Star.

Light and Dark Colored Cigars.

Many cigar makers think that the time is approaching when it will be necessary to charge more for light than for dark colored cigars. The queer thing about it is that it is all a whim, caused chiefly by ignorance. People imagine that a light colored cigar is milder than a black one, when the reverse is likely to be the case. The character of the cigar is determined far more by the filler than by the wrapper, and a light colored cigar may have a filling that would turn the stomach of a dromedary.

There is just a shade of difference between a dark and a light wrapper, but there are few experts who can tell the difference blindfolded. So serious a matter has become this fad for light hued cigars that sellers have to resort to artifice to keep their stock well balanced. Most people have no real preference, and if a merchant throws out a medium color will take it without thinking about it, while if the dealer asks him what color he wants he will of course choose a light one.

By observing this little peculiarity of human nature cigar dealers are able to get rid of a good share of their dark cigars, but if the present mania continues our local manufacturers, who use the darker colored Havana seed, will find it necessary to raise the price on the light colored cigars.—Springfield Republican.

The Origin of Earrings.

It is a strange tradition among the Arabians that earrings came into use in the following way: When Pharoah summoned Abraham and reproached him for his untruth (in saying that Sarah was his sister), Abraham prayed for the king, and Allah healed the king, who now gave Abraham many rich presents, and among others an Egyptian slave named Hagar. She bore him a son, whom he called Ishmael. But Sarah was barren, and the more jealous since the light of Mohammed shone on Ishmael's forehead she demanded of Abraham to put away Hagar and her son. He was undecided until commanded by Allah to obey Sarah in all things. Yet he entreated her not to cast off her bondmaid and her son. But this so exasperated her that she declared she would not rest until her hands had been imbrued in Hagar's blood. Then Abraham pierced Hagar's ear quickly and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to dip her hand in the blood of Hagar without bringing the latter into danger. From that time it became a custom among women to wear earrings.

Electricity and Life.

Writing on "Electricity and Life" in The Humanitarian, Mr. H. Newman Lawrence comes to the following conclusion: (1) All the thousand and one changes which take place in the structure of the living body, be they due to the never ceasing and involuntary process of metabolism, or to the exercise of function, or to the effect of will, partake of the nature of chemical change. (2) All chemical changes are accompanied by electrical manifestations. (3) Without chemical change and interchange life does not appear to exist. (4) Therefore life is always accompanied by the generation of electricity. Electrical energy, however, is not the immediate source of the vitality of the body.

Woman's Way.

Mary Ann—Please, mum, I don't think I can cut this chicken's head off. I just know I'll get nervous and cut myself.

Mrs. Wickwire—Oh, it's easy enough. Just shut your eyes. That's the way I always do.—Indianapolis Journal.

JUMPING FROM A TRAIN.

A Locomotive Engineer Relates Some Exciting Experiences.

"Did you ever jump from your cab while the train was going at full speed?" asked a Detroit Free Press reporter of a locomotive engineer the other day.

"Yes, three or four times," he answered.

"What's the sensation?"

"That's according to how you land. One night three years ago the train dispatcher got two of us headed for each other on a single track at a gait of 40 miles an hour. The first thing I saw was a headlight of the other locomotive rounding a curve 30 rods away. I shut 'er off, threw over the lever and set the airbrakes and then made a jump. I'd no time to pick for a spot, and as I jumped I realized that I'd have a bad time of it, as I knew every foot of the ground. It was on a level covered with a thistle patch.

"There was a strip of them 40 rods long growing up like cornstalks. I expect they broke my fall somewhat, but I don't know that I ever hit the ground until I fetched up for good. It seemed to me that I just swept through that patch about knee high from the ground, and when there were no more thistles to knock down I landed 'kerchug!' against an old stump and uprooted it. I broke a leg and an arm, but that wasn't the worst of it. The doctor estimated the number of thistle points sticking into my body at 1,000,000,000. My wife and I have been picking 'em out ever since they got me home, and we've only finished one side of me."

"Landing in a mud puddle would be a soft thing," I suggested.

"I've been there," he replied, with a fleeting smile. "While I was running freight they built a side track to a gravel pit at a certain point. In excavating at the main line they dug a hole about 20 feet long by 10 wide and 4 deep. As a rule, this hole was always full of water, and as it was on my side of the engine and always came under my eye I got to thinking what a snap I'd have if I had to make a jump right there."

"But you never had to?"

"Didn't I? There was a little station, just a mile above this hole, and it was a sharp up grade. One day, while we were humping along to make the station, a dozen cars broke loose from a freight side tracking at that station, and down they came like so many roaring lions after their prey. By the time I had whistled for brakes and reversed my engine, it was time to jump and, bless my soul! if I wasn't just where I wanted to be—right at the pond. I waited to pass the mile post, and then shut my eyes and took a header, feeling sorry at the same instant for my fireman, who'd got to jump among the stumps. Well, I struck."

"In the water?" I asked as he paused and worked a finger in his ear.

"Oh, no! There had been a long spell of hot, dry weather, and every pint of water had evaporated out of that pond. The mud was left behind though. There was three feet of it waiting to catch some sucker, and it caught me. I went head first to the bottom. Then I rolled over and floundered around for five minutes and could never have pulled myself out unassisted. I didn't break any bones, but—ugh!"

"What?"

"Mud! I took 27 baths before I got down so I could see my hide, and it was hours before mud quit washing out of my ears, eyes, nose and mouth. I tasted mud. I felt mud crawling up and down my back. I snuffed mud. I found mud in my pockets and combed it out of my hair until I got tired and let the balance go. I'm running on the road yet, but I'm not spotting off any mud holes to land in. On the contrary, if things turn out as I have figured, my next jump will be into a patch of blackberry bushes, with an old dead tree in the center, and I confidently expect to mow down everything in my path."

A Fallen Sister.

In an Episcopal boarding school a few years ago the scholars and teachers were assembled for morning prayer. The reading and singing were over, and all were resuming their seats when one of the young ladies, of a very short and thick stature, missing her chair, seated herself with a thud on the floor. Nobody smiled. All were too decorous for that. The fallen one, embarrassed into the momentary loss of common sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer book and appeared to be earnestly engaged in examining its contents.

This was almost too much for her companions, and a smile began to struggle on many a fair countenance when the rector arose and began reading the first morning lesson. He read from the fifth chapter of Amos as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen. She shall no more rise. She is forsaken upon her land. There is none to raise her up." This was too much. The voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin. The scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.—Sunday School Visitor.

The Judge's Excuse.

Judge Lowry of North Carolina was a most learned judge, who while a practitioner at the bar unexpectedly lost a case for a client who was a justice of the peace, and in his own opinion a very learned one. The judge was at a loss how to explain the cause satisfactorily to him when they met, but he did it as follows: "Squire, I could not explain it exactly to an ordinary man, but to an intelligent man like you, who are so well posted in law and law phrases, I need only say that the judge said that the case was coram non judice." "Ah," said the client, looking very wise and drawing a long breath, "if things had got into that fix, Mr. Lowry, I think we did very well to get out of it as easy we did!"—Argonaut.

Buried Gold.

A ton of gold is annually buried in the cemeteries of the United States. A law for the filling and plugging and plating of teeth with silver bullion would come right handy in this emergency. If this use of gold for repairing of teeth goes on many thousands of years, it is easy to see that the entire stock on hand will be exhausted, and that our remote posterity will be compelled in self defense to resort to placer mining in the old cemeteries in order to recover the precious metal that has been wasted by their ancestors.—Reno (Nev.) Journal.

He Had Been There.

A lady well known in Washington as a lobbyist always accosts a stranger with, "I think I have seen you somewhere," which often leads to a clew for her finding out the history of the party. One evening she played off her usual game on a gentleman that understood her character, and who replied, "Most likely, madam, for I sometimes go there."—New York Ledger.

Cause and Effect.

"Love," said the lecturer, "is a psychic manifestation."

"Yes," murmured a young man in the audience, "I do the sighing, and her folks do the kicking."—Indianapolis Journal.

SHORN OF THEIR HORNS.

An Operation Necessary to Render Vicious Young Buck Deer Harmless.

Five vigorous young buck deer at the zoo are harmless as a result of operations with lasso and meat saw by Director Smith and his six assistants. Bucks with horns, hard horns, are dangerous to the lives of their mates, their keepers and themselves. Everything about them in their quarters shows the effect of rough usage, even the trees, fences and ground. All the trees in the inclosure have to be protected by iron railings. Otherwise their lives would be torn out by the wicked deer.

Ordinarily a buck's horns are allowed to grow until nature sheds them. If the animals are of a particularly good disposition, this is allowable. But in most cases they become vicious as soon as the velvet has dried and worn off their antlers, and they become dangerous.

The first thing necessary in relieving a buck of its horns is to catch the buck. In an inclosure a lasso is resorted to, and only by those quick with the eye and leg. All the keepers went to the two fallow deer paddocks armed with lassos. Some were as efficient as cowboys. Others resorted to the dodge act, getting behind trees as the bucks dashed for them, full of fight, stamping their feet in righteous rage.

Five beautiful fallow deer occupied the north paddock. One was so fat that the director hesitated about catching it. But as it was the worst of the lot it had to undergo the operation. So much for a bad disposition.

Keeper Snyder laid his plans for that one first. The buck, with lowered head and distorted nostrils, charged the keeper. Snyder dodged and swung his lariat. It missed and fell on the animal's back. Another dash, this time for the other keepers. All got out of the way. One more swing by Snyder, and the loop fell over the buck's horns. A tug-of-war resulted, Keepers Snyder, Holmes, Warren and Cook on one end of the rope and the buck on the other.

Slowly the buck was drawn up to a tree until its antlers went around both sides. Snyder and Warren then seized its legs, and as the animal jumped back threw it. All four of its legs were tied underneath, as a calf is treated on going to market in a farm buggy. The buck's struggles were fearful, and a thin coating of blood and froth appeared at its nostrils. After being secured Keeper Shannon produced a common meat saw, and in two minutes the noble animal had been shorn of its adornments.

It was so weak when released that after a couple of terrific bounds it landed flat on the ground and panted and heaved. While it was recovering the others underwent the same operation. Invariably whenever a lasso was thrown the animals bounded into the air six feet, and the noose fell short. Three thousand spectators saw the battle and cheered the men on.

In one of the buck's charges Keeper Holmes' knee was badly bruised by a blow from the animal's hoofs. If the blow had been square, his leg might have been broken. When released, the bucks bounded away to the iron fence, their heads striking it 10 feet above the ground, only to fall and recover themselves for another charge.

One got his head between the bars, and it being a tight fit the whole fence shook as it tugged and jerked. It seemed as if it would break its neck. Instead, the iron bars, an inch in diameter, bent aside and allowed the head to escape. Another buck charged with such abandon that its nose bled.

The first one clipped was in a bad way for some time. The keepers had to carry it into the house, where it lay fainting and unable to rise. Mr. Smith said the fat had accumulated to such an extent about the animal's heart that the action of that organ was materially affected, and as in the case of an overfat person great excitement was liable to produce heart failure.—New York World.

A Foretaste of Death.

A foreshadowing affecting its subject as with a foretaste of death was that recorded by Charles Mackay of his friend, Mr. Ingram, founder of the London Illustrated News. Traveling together in Switzerland, the two were witnesses one night in Chamounix of one of the thunderstorms that rage with such appalling grandeur amid those mountainous regions. Mackay's raptures over the scene were checked by seeing his friend crouched in a corner on the floor, his face pale, his hair on end with terror. The paroxysm was succeeded by unconsciousness, on recovering from which he told Mackay how, ever since he could remember, he had been possessed of this unaccountable and utterly uncontrollable horror of a thunderstorm.

Some eight years later Mr. Ingram was crossing Lake Michigan when the steamer was run into by a sailing vessel, and amid a scene of terror and confusion, it being night and a violent thunderstorm raging, crew and passengers were precipitated into the waters. As it was five hours before Ingram's body, still warm with recent life, was washed ashore, he must have been struggling all that time—an eternity of suffering to one like him—in the dark, tempestuous waters beneath the lightning riven sky.—London Tit-Bits.

Washing Cooking Utensils.

Sometimes the most careful washing will not wholly remove the flavor or odor of food from the utensil in which it was cooked. This is frequently the case with fish, onions, cabbage, etc., but there is a remedy which may be a little trouble and yet is well worth trying.

After any of these articles have been cooked wash the utensil carefully with soap and water. Now nearly fill it with cold water, and for each quart of water add about a tablespoonful of dissolved washing soda. Place on the fire and let the water get boiling hot. Now turn this water into the sink. Rinse the utensil with clean warm water, and on wiping it dry it will be found perfectly sweet.—Exchange.

Knew His Step.

"Did you know that I passed your door last evening?" said the young man tenderly.

"Of course," replied the beautiful girl, with reproach in her glistening eyes. "Do you not think I would know your step?"

"Certainly," said the happy young man as he directed the conversation away from the subject and avoided remarking that he had passed the door in a cab.—Chicago Record.

Mohammed.

Mohammed was epileptic. He persistently claimed to be a messenger from God, receiving his first revelation at the age of 42. He lost his father in infancy and his mother in childhood; was a traveling merchant and married a wealthy widow 15 years older than himself. His revelations began with visions in sleep. He used to live alone in a cave. He had interviews with the angel Gabriel.—New York Times.

Peerless.

"Your daughter is without a peer."

"Yes, I took her over to England, but she failed to catch one."—Pittsburg Post.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

You have all heard the story of Adam and Eve,
Who lived in the garden of Eden,
With nothing to wear but the leaves of the trees,
And nothing but apples to feed on;
How this poor, foolish pair with the curious minds,
The parents of everything human,
Fell into disgrace and were banished the place,
And of course it was blamed on the woman.

And ever since then, when a mortal has sinned—
No matter what form is his sinning—
The people who criticise utter the plea
That was used at the very beginning.
And cynical men, who a motive might seek,
Don't make any effort to find it,
But turn up their noses and ask, with a sneer,
Well, who was the woman behind it?
—Helen Combes in Kate Field's Washington.

A Colored Irishman.

A poorly clad little negro, almost pure black and with sparse, kinky hair, wandered into the city hall yesterday and said that he was in need. There was something about his way of saying it that startled everybody within both sight and hearing.

"Where do you come from?" asked Messenger Edward Heatherton when he heard him.

"From Oireland, sorr," replied the little man deferentially.

"You don't mean you're an Irishman?"

"Yis, sorr. I was born five mile from Skibbereen, in the county Cork, sorr."

"Thigum thu Gaelic?"

"Thigum gommoch?" And the little man began to rattle off Gaelic at a rate that necessitated the calling in of Clerk Michael F. Blake as interpreter. He pronounced George Grant, for that was the negro's name, a genuine Irishman of the smoked variety.

Wiskinkie Daniel M. Donegan, the Tammany Hall collector, happened in while the Gaelic test was being applied.

"What is it?" he asked.

"An Irishman."

"Where's he from?"

"Skibbereen."

"That's my place in Ireland. What does he want?"

"Money."

"Same lay as mine. Everybody from Skibbereen's on it."

The little man made a goodly collection of silver and bowed himself out with "100,000 thanks" and "Balla na clath."—New York Sun.

Discoverers of the Old World.

A principal of one of the grammar schools in Savannah, an old time Irish pedagogue, relates an incident which is well worthy of repetition and is indicative of the aptness of the Irish youth.

One day while he was instructing his class in geography the bishop of the diocese happened in, and, as is the custom, propounded some questions to the scholars. "What parts of the globe comprise the old and the new world?" was readily and correctly answered, and when asked who was the discoverer of the new world one powerful chorus answered, "Christopher Columbus."

"Now, my little men," said the bishop, "you have told me who discovered the new world, but can any of you tell me who discovered the old world?"

A dead silence for a few seconds, when a little chap named Mahoney, the son of a shoemaker, held up his hand.

"Well, my little man," said the bishop, "let us have your answer."

The surprise of the teacher and bishop can be imagined when the youngster replied in a voice showing confidence in his answer, "Adam and Eve, my lord."—Savannah Press.

Peculiarities of the Letter Q.

The letter Q is a superfluous alphabetic character—a nondescript of the worst sort, and of no more real value in expressing or helping to express our thoughts in writing than one of the Chinese word signs would be. It never ends an English word and cannot begin one without the aid of the letter u, being invariably followed by the last mentioned letter in all words belonging to our language. The man doesn't live that can tell the "why" of the peculiar relation of the letters q and u, or why the former was given its curious name. Some argue that its name was applied because of the tail or cue at the bottom of the letter, but the original q, when sounded just as it is today, was made without the cue, the character much resembling the English sign for pounds (£).—St. Louis Republic.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Steal a chicken, and you are a thief. Steal $1,000 from your employer, and you are an embezzler. Steal $5,000 from the government, and you are a defaulter. Rob your competitor on the Stock Exchange of $10,000, and you are a financier. Rob him of $100,000 to $500,000, and you are a wizard or a Napoleon of finance. Wreck a railroad and gather it in, and you are a "magnate." Wreck a great railroad system, and you are a "railroad king." Conduct a negotiation by which a strong nation plunders a weak nation of thousands upon thousands of square miles of territory and makes the weak nation pay milliards of money indemnity for the wrong it has suffered, and you are a diplomat. Truly "the times are out of joint."—Religious Herald.

Not Superstitious.

Of a certain literary man, who disdains the trammels of style, the story was lately told that he once offered to an editor a piece of verse in hexameters. The editor read it over and remarked, "This is very good, but I shouldn't think you'd want to have these three or four lines with 13 syllables in them." "Oh, I don't care about those," said the poet. "I'm not superstitious."—Argonaut.

"The rest nowhere," a vigorous bit of exaggeration in popular use at the race tracks the world over, was first uttered by a sporting Irishman, Captain O'Kelly, at Epsom, May 3, 1769, when Eclipse distanced the field. "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere," was the captain's terse description of the race.

Giraffes have become very scarce since the dervishes seized the basin of the upper Nile. They were once to be bought for about £240 each; now a good giraffe would fetch over £1,000. The Jardine d'Acclimatation at Paris recently refused to sell three very young ones for £2,000.

Probably very few persons know that the lord mayor is the only person—other than the queen and the constable—who knows the password to the Tower of London. The password is sent to the mansion house quarterly, signed by her majesty. It is a survival of an old custom.

London has a big appetite. It devours every year over 400,000 oxen, 1,600,000 sheep, 500,000 calves, 700,000 hogs, fowls innumerable, and consumes 9,800,000 gallons of milk.

There is a haunted tree at North Searsport, Me., which shelters a spot where a murder had been committed. Moss has formed the initials "W. B." on the bark.

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THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

It is two years since the events I am about to relate took place, but in these days, when mysterious deaths from so-called heart failure are general, I recall to mind my first case of the kind.

To begin my story properly, let me tell you I was as poor as the proverbial turkey of the illustrious Job, and the modest shingle bearing the name of Geoffrey Herbert, M. D., had been swinging to and fro in the breeze of Lee street, Brantley, for nearly three months, and I had not had a call to a patient of any more consequence than a few impecunious darkies and a child with a dislocation of the thumb.

On the night in question, I remember, I sat with my feet on the cold hearth, wondering whether I would not better pull down my shingle and get work in some store as clerk or porter if I did not want to starve. I had come to the place with bright hopes, but fortune seemed to frown on my every effort, and here at the end of three months, I saw nothing before me but starvation, unless something turned up in a very short time.

The night was dark and stormy, and as the clock struck ten I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and was straightening things up a little in the office before retiring, when I was startled by a sharp knock on the door. Hastily pulling myself together I opened it to admit a woman, closely veiled, and evidently in a state of violent agitation. In spite of the thick veil I noticed that her voice when speaking was that of a cultivated lady, and she was well dressed.

I was about to apologize for the coldness of the office, when she interrupted me by saying she was in a great hurry, and wished to consult me on a most important matter.

"Doctor Herbert," said she, "I am here because I think I can trust you. I have seen you often, and I feel that you are a man who would keep his word—once given—no matter what happened. Promise that what I disclose to you to-night shall never be revealed to any living soul unless I give you permission—even if you refuse me your aid, which I do not think you will when you know all the circumstances of the case."

The lady smiled, and I was amazed to find that my visitor was no other than Miss Marie Barbour, the lovely young daughter of one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Brantley, and, furthermore, cards were out for her marriage with a Mr. Onslow, reported to be very wealthy also. The wedding was to take place on the twenty-fourth of May; this was the twenty-first.

I was puzzled, to say the least, but gave the required promise and consented to hear the lady's story.

"I am in the greatest trouble," she began, "and, unless I can find some one to help me, Heaven only knows what will become of me!"

"If I can be of service, Miss Barbour," I replied, "you may rely upon me. Please explain the nature of your trouble."

"In a few days I am to be married, by my father's order, to a man that I despise and hate. Oh, how I hate that creature—man he is not! He is a professional gambler, a thief, a blackleg. He came here in the guise of a gentleman, and finding an easy victim in my poor weak father, he has robbed him of wealth and honor, and unless I am sacrificed and degraded by a marriage with him, we leave our dear old home in his hands and go forth into the world as beggars. My father has given his word that if I am living I shall become Onslow's wife on the twenty-fourth, and oh! Doctor Herbert, I have come to ask you to save me from such a cruel fate—a life that will be a living death."

She fell on her knees at my feet, insisting that I could save her if I would consent to her plan.

"But how?" I asked, deeply moved by the strange situation in which I found myself. "Compose yourself, my dear lady, and resume your seat, I beg."

"I have read, she proceeded, after her agitation had subsided somewhat, "of a drug which is so powerful that a person after taking it will appear to be dead for the space of twenty-four hours. Procure a dose for me and I am saved."

"Yes," I replied, "I know the drug to which you refer, but unless the antidote is given just at the right time death in reality closes the scene. And do you think, Miss Barbour, that I can afford to risk my reputation just at the beginning of my career by such practice as you suggest? Why, in case you should die I should be as much your murderer as though I plunged a knife into your heart!"

But I argued in vain. She vowed she would never live to become the wife of Onslow. The despair of the poor girl was more than I could bear, and before she left I consented to do as she asked. Her old and trustworthy nurse—a former slave of her mother—was to come to my office the next night for the drug and the antidote. Marie was to take the former on the morning of the twenty-third and the antidote at night, or whenever "mammy" saw a chance for her to get the apparently dead girl out of the house to a place of safety; then a substitute of wood was to be placed in the casket and screwed down.

It was a most daring, foolhardy trick, and to-day I wonder how I ever consented to play the part I did in it. But as their plans were well and carefully laid, success crowned our efforts, and Brantley was horrified to hear of the sudden death of Miss Barbour from "heart-failure" the morning before her wedding day. The funeral took place on the twenty-fourth with great pomp and display. The minister preached a touching sermon; the choir discoursed appropriate hymns; the stricken father and lover were heartbroken; but Marie was by this time safely *en route* for New York.

As my business did not improve much at Brantley I decided that I would try a larger city, so ere long I, too, went to New York. Here fortune seemed to smile her brightest on me. I often met Marie Barbour, and in less than a year from our first meeting she was my wife.

THE DUTCHMAN'S INSURANCE.

A story is told of a German who had taken the precaution to insure the life of his wife for five thousand dollars, and his stable for nine hundred dollars, believing the former might die and the latter be burnt and he could not get along without some compensation for the loss. Both policies were taken from the same agent. In a few months after the stable had been insured it was destroyed by fire. Shmidt quietly notified the agent, and hinted that he would expect the nine hundred dollars at the earliest possible moment. The agent at once sent a carpenter to ascertain the cost of erecting a new stable of the same dimensions, having ascertained that the property had been insured for more than it was worth. The builder reported that he could replace the stable with new material for five hundred dollars, but unfortunately there was an ordinance preventing the erection of frame buildings—the old stable having been of wood. He was asked to estimate the cost of a brick stable, and reported the amount seven hundred and fifty dollars. The agent then notified Shmidt that he would build him a new brick stable in place of the old frame one, but Shmidt became very indignant at the proposition, saying,—

"I do not understand this insurance business. I pay you for nine hundred dollars, and when my shtable burn down you make me a new one. I don't want a new shtable, I want nine hundred dollars."

The agent reasoned with Shmidt, but all to no purpose. When the stable was about finished Shmidt went to consult a lawyer, thinking that he could still get the amount of the policy, besides having a new stable.

The lawyer, however, informed him that the company had a right to make good the loss by building a new stable, and expressed surprise at bringing suit against them.

"But," said Shmidt, "I insure for nine hundred dollar, and dis feller put up dem shtable for seven hundred and fifty—I do not understand the insurance business."

Finding that he could not compel the payment by law, he became disgusted with the insurance business altogether. Calling upon the agent, Shmidt said,—

"Mr. Agent, I want you to stop dem insurance on mine frow. I do not pay any more monish dat way; I do not understand this insurance business."

Agent (surprised)—"Why, Mr. Shmidt, you are doing a very foolish thing. You have paid considerable on this policy already, and if your wife should die you will get five thousand dollars."

"Yaw, dat ish yat you tell me now," said Shmidt. "Ven I pay you on my shtable you say I get nine hundred dollar if it burns down. So it was burnt, and you not give me mine monish. You say, 'Oh, dat was an old frame shtable,' and you no pay me my nine hundred dollar. Ven my frow dies, den you say to me, 'Oh, she vash an old Dutch woman she not word anydings; I get you new English wife!' And so I lose mine five thousand dollars. You not fool Shmidt again, I not understand dis insurance business."

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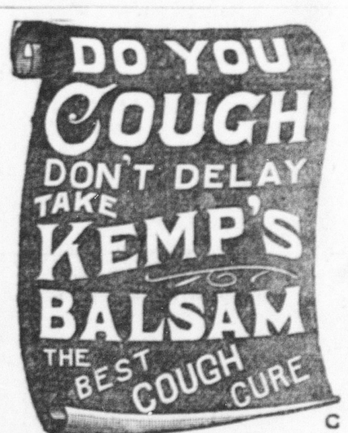

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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

STATIONS	Dis	Westward A.M	A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 25	4 15
Flemington—f	1.8	4 42	9 29	4 18
Mill Hall	3.6	4 46	9 31	4 21
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 42	4 33
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 45	4 45
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 54	4 50
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	10 02	4 57
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 09	5 05
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 18	5 15
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 28	5 25
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 38	5 38
Snow Shoe Int.	24.8	5 48	10 43	5 43
Unionville	28.5	5 56	10 51	5
Julian	32.9	6 05	11 00	5
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 09	5
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 26	6
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	[illegible]	6
Dix—f	46.3	6 32	11 32	6
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 38	11 38	6
Vail	51.2	6 42	11 42	6
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6
TYRONE	54.3	6 52	11 56	6

STATIONS	Dis	Eastward A.M	P.M	P.M
TYRONE		8 10	2 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	2 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 20	2 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	2 24	7 39
Dix—f	8.0	8 30	2 30	7 45
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	2 33	7 48
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	2 37	7 52
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	2 44	7 59
Martha	17.8	8 51	2 52	8 07
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 16
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int.	29.5	9 18	4 17	8 32
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 35
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 45
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 00
Curtin	34.4	9 56	4 46	9 07
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 02	4 50	9 15
Howard	39.8	10 09	4 57	9 22
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 17	5 15	9 33
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 08	9 33
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	5 9	9 44
Flemington	52.5	10 34	5 24	9 47
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 37	5 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.—Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward Dis.	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M	A.M			
4 50	10 00	SCOTIA	26.5	9 21	4 40
5 05	10 18	5.5 Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 25
5 15	10 28	8.7 Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 21	10 34	10.6 Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 09
5 26	10 46	12.8 Marengo f	13.0	8 43	4 01
5 32	10 52	13.5 Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
5 39	10 58	15.2 Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
5 43	11 02	15.8 Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
5 53	11 10	18.2 Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 03	11 20	20.6 Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 15	11 32	23.5 Stover	2.1	7 58	3 19
6 25	11 40	25.6 TYRONE		7 50	3 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.23 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.05 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.40	2.00	MONTANDON	5.30	9.10	4 55
1.5	5.15	2.08	Ar..LEWISBURG..Lv	5.20	9.00	4 47
1.5	5.15	2.08	Lv..LEWISBURG..Ar		9.00	4 47
5.4	6.24	2.17	Biehl f		8.51	4.39
6.8	6.28	2.22	Vicksburg f		8.47	4.35
10.7	6.37	2.31	MIFFLINBURG		8.38	4.27
13.1	6.42	2.36	Barber f		8.33	4 22
15.2	6.47	2.41	Swengle f		8.27	4 17
16.1	7.50	3.48	Millmont		8.25	4.15
18.6	7.58	3.51	GLEN IRON		8.17	4 07
23.5	7.07	3.00	Pardee f		8.08	3.59
28.9	7.18	3.11	Cherry Run f		7.57	3.48
32.2	7.27	3.29	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.48	3.40
33.9	7.31	3.23	Ingleby f		7.45	3 37
36.6	7.36	4 30	Coburn		7.38	3.30
39.6	7.45	4.37	Zerby f		7.30	3.23
43.4	7.55	4 47	Rising Springs		7.21	3.14
46.2	8.02	4 53	Penn's Cave f		7.14	3.07
49.2	8.09	4.01	CENTRE HALL		7.06	3.01
51.6	8.16	4.07	Gregg f		7.00	2.54
54.6	8.23	4.13	Linden Hall		6.52	2 47
56.7	8.24	4.18	OAK HALL		6.47	2 42
58.3	8.32	4.22	LEMONT		6.43	2 37
60.2	8.37	4.27	Dale Summit f		6.38	2 33
63.9	8.47	4 37	Pleasant Gap f		6 28	2 23
65.2	8.50	4 40	Axeman f		6.25	2 20
67.4	8.55	4 45	BELLEFONTE		6.20	2.15

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt. P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Aen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD 12	10	8	1	2		WESTWARD 1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar——Lv	am	am	am	pm	pm
6 35		3 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		3 53		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		3 31		8 44	Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19			5 16	
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24			5 20	
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29			5 23	
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35			5 30	
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

		WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily		11 20 p m
"	" Harrisburg	"	3 33 a m
"	" William'port	"	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore	"	7 31 a m
"	" Lock Haven	"	7 55 a m
"	" Renovo	"	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie	"	3 40 p m
NIAGRA EX.	l'ves Philadelphia week d'ys.		8 50 a m
"	" Harrsburg	"	12 10 p m
"	arrives at Wmsport	"	3 00 p m
"	" Lock Haven	"	4 10 p m
"	" Renovo	"	5 15 p m
"	" Kane	"	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 15 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days.		11 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg	"	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport	"	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven	"	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo	"	9 00 p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia daily		4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	" Williamsport		11 20 a m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven		12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'vs Phila. week days		4 35 p m
"	" Harrisburg		7 55 p m
"	" arrive Williamsport.		10 40 p m
Rochester Exp.	leaves Phila. w'k d's		9 20 p m
"	" Harrisb'g		12 30 a m
"	" arrives Williamsp't		3 25 a m
Williamsp't	" leaves Phila. Sun. only		2 25 p m
"	" Harrisb'g		5 25 p m
"	" arrives Williamsp't		8 35 p m
	EASTWARD.		
Sea Shore Express	l'vs L Haven w		7 15 a m
"	" Jersey Shore.		7 41 a m
"	" Wms'port		8 15 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		11 30 a m
"	" Phila		3 00 a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days		6 30 a m
"	" Renovo		10 20 a m
"	" Lock Haven		11 20 a m
"	Williamsport		12 30 p m
	arrives at Harrisburg		3 30 p m
"	" philadelphia		6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily		3 25 p m
"	" Renovo		10 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven		11 25 p m
"	" Williamsport		12 25 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		3 22 p m
"	" Philadelphia		6 50 p m
EXP. NO. 6	leaves Erie		7 25 a m
"	" Kane		11 10 a m
"	leaves Renovo		4 45 p m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg		10 05 p m
"	" Philadelphia		4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	l'v.s Wms'port		3 25 a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg		6 10 a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia		10 20 a m
Philada. Accom.	leaves Williamsp't		4 00 p m
"	" Harrisburg		7 30 p m
"	" arrives Philada. at		10 05 p m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash EDWARD T. TUTEN.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,

DAVID NEWLIN FELL of Philadelphia.

FOR STATE TREASURER,

S. M. JACKSON, of Armstrong county.

Republican County Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,

JOHN F. HARTER, of Millheim.

FOR TREASURER,

R. T. COMLEY, of Union Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,

JAS. B. STROHM, of Potter Twp.,

M. F. RIDDLE, of Spring Twp.

FOR REGISTER,

J. E. RICKARD, of Rush Twp.

FOR RECORDER,

J. L. HOLMES, of College Twp.

FOR CORONER,

DR. THOS. TOBIN, of Halfmoon.

FOR AUDITORS,

E. S. DORWORTH, of Bellefonte,

JNO. D. WAGNER, of Gregg Twp.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,

WM. H. SNYDER, of Liberty.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary, "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley, " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 Geo Lamb	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover,	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Moshannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	J A Sunday	"
Gregg "	N P Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Geegg "	S P John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg "	E P. Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines "	E P Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Halees "	W P James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Fletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	E P Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Ruben Goimen	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	Same Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	Andrew Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Alexander Miller	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	Alfred Lucas	SnowSnow
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John G Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

HARRISON KILLED.

Chicago's Famous Mayor Shot Down By an Assassin.

CHICAGO, Oct 29.—Carter H. Harrison, five times mayor of this city, and one of the best-known men in the state, was last night assassinated at his home, 231 South Ashland boulevard. His murderer was Eugene Patrick Prendergast, a newspaper carrier, who coolly stated the reason for his crime to be disappointment, alleging that the mayor had promised him the position of corporation counsel, but had not kept his word.

No bolder crime was ever conceived or wrought out than the fiendish deed of Prendergast, who is a demented man. Shortly before 8 o'clock when, beside Mr. Harrison, no one was in the house except his son, William Preston Harrison, his fiance, Miss Annie Howard, and the servants, the front door bell rang and was answered by Mary Hansen, a domestic. She saw there a man about 5 feet 5 inches in height, smooth shaven, clean-cut features, lit up by dark, flashing eyes.

"Is Mr. Harrison in?" asked the man in a quiet, pleasant voice.

"Yes, sir;" responded the girl, as she threw the door wider open to permit his entrance.

"I would like to see him, please," said the man as he walked toward the back end of the hall.

Mr. Harrison was in the dining-room, which enters into the rear end of the hall. Hearing the man ask for him, he rose and stepping into the hall, walked toward Prendergast who by the time he caught sight of Mr. Harrison had advanced about ten feet from the doorway.

There for Murder.

Suddenly lifting to his face a shining revolver and taking deliberate aim Prendergast fired—not once, but four cruel, well-directed shots. Each bullet counted, too. The first shot passed into the lower right side of the abdomen, the second, the one which caused Mr. Harrison's death entered the chest above the heart, the third into his shoulder, while the fourth shattered his left hand.

Mr. Harrison retreated toward the dining room and staggered as far as the butler's pantry, where, weakened by the loss of blood, he fell to the floor. His assailant, replacing his smoking weapon in his pocket, and without-ascertaining whether or not his shots had taken effect, fled pursued by the coachman, who after directing a shot after the man, pursued him, but soon lost sight of him in the shadows.

As the murderer was escaping through the door his victim's son William came rushing down the stairs. He flew to his father's side, being summoned there by the cries of Mary Hansen.

Mr. W. J. Chalmers, the wealthy maker of machinery, lives just opposite the Harrison residence. He dashed across the street and met Prendergast almost out of the gate.

"What is it?" said Mr. Chalmers. The man walked rapidly north on Ashland avenue without replying and Mr. Chalmers hastened into the house. He reached Mr. Harrison's side almost at the same instant that William Preston Harrison had found where his father lay.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mr. Chalmers, as he and the son of the dying man strove to raise him.

"I've got my death, Chalmers," responded the mayor.

Noticing a spot of blood on the mayor's waistcoat, Mr. Chalmers said, "I guess not." "I'm shot in the heart and I'm a dead man," was the only reply. A moment later he said with a voice which was rapidly losing strength. "Unbutton my vest Chalmers, there's where the trouble is."

It Was Too True.

A hasty examination was made, Mr. Harrison lying on the lounge where he had been placed by kind hands.

"It's through the heart," said the mayor, his voice now scarcely above a whisper.

When Mr. Chalmers said to the mayor that he thought he would recover the mayor said: "No my heart is hurt and I am a dead man. I can feel the blood flowing inside and I cannot last long."

The last words he said were as nearly as I can remember, "Give me water—Send for Annie—Give me water."

A moment later he sank into unconsciousness and in twenty minutes after receiving the wounds Mr. Harrison was dead.

Fled from His Crime.

About twenty-five minutes after the shooting Sergt. Frank McDonald was standing in the office of the Desplaines street station. Every available officer had already been hurried out to work on the case. The door was pushed gently open and in walked a small smooth-shaven man, poorly dressed, and carrying a revolver in his hand.

He walked up to McDonald, who is a powerful fellow six feet tall, and looking him straight in the eyes, said:

"I did it."

"You did it?" asked McDonald.

"Yes, I did it."

"Did what?" said the officer as he laid one hand on the fellow's shoulder, and with the other quietly took the revolver.

"I shot Mayor Harrison, and that's what I shot him with," was the reply as Prendergast made a motion with his hand toward the revolver.

"What made you do it?" asked McDonald. "He said he would make me corporation counsel, and he did not do it. That's what I shot him for."

That was all there was about it. He was trembling so that he could scarcely stand, and the officer led him to a chair and asked a few more questions, to which Prendergast had but one reply.

"He said he would make me corporation counsel. He did not, and I shot him. I meant to shoot him, and I went there to do it."

A FEARLESS JUDGE.

Judge Sadler, of Cumberland county, in addressing the constables at a recent term of court, said:

"You constables can do nothing better than arresting men and young men who carry loaded pistols in their pockets ready to whip them out on the slightest provocation and perhaps shoot perfectly innocent people. A man has no constitutional or moral right to carry concealed deadly weapons on all occasions; and I will say to you, whether or not I be criticised, that if you do your duty in arresting boys and men carrying revolvers, we will see that no costs are imposed on you. I am informed by the officers of Carlisle that you can walk down our streets on any Saturday evening when they are crowded and meet fifty persons who have in their pockets pistols loaded and ready to be pulled out, with men, women and children near who are liable to be killed. Let us make an effort to stop this practice, that people may ride on cars and sit on their door steps without exposing themselves to danger."

All lovers of peace and good order as well as all who hold their lives dear will heartily approve of Judge Sadler's remarks, and it is a matter of regret that more judges are not as enlightened on this subject as the president judge of Cumberland county.

The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50cts.

Everybody Knows Him.

A Prominent Member of the Maine Legislature.

WHAT HE SAYS WILL RING OVER THE WHOLE LAND.

As the Trumpet Tongued Utterances of One of Our Great Men.

The word of Hon. John R. Prescott, formerly a prominent member of the Maine legislature is all powerful.

Mr. Prescott lives at Rome, Me. Everybody knows him, everybody respects him and everybody believes what he says.

And it is an interesting story which he tells and an eloquent tribute which he pays.

"Thirty-two years ago," he says, "I was attacked with neuralgia in my face and head, mostly confined to the right side. There was not often a day or an hour that I was not suffering with that terrible severe pain, so severe a great many times that for several days and nights I could not sleep or take any food excepting a little gruel.

"My nerves were terribly affected and I grew weak and feeble, as my many friends in the state of Maine, and more particularly in Kennebec county will certify to.

"About five years ago I was taken with what the physicians claim to be a liver and kidney trouble, a soreness over the right kidney; so much so that I could not bear to be rubbed.

"My bowels were very much constipated, could not urinate freely, and suffered severe pain at such times.

"My trouble incaeased very much, and for the past six months I could not get up from my bed in the morning and dress me before I would be in pain in my back and bowels.

"I would often be forced to drop down and rest me and many times be in such pain that I would cry like a child and ask why I could not die.

"I have used for the neuralgia all the liniments I have ever seen advertised for the cure of that disease, and for my nerves and kidneys and liver trouble I have taken so many remedies that they are too numerous to mention.

"I have been treated by the leading physicians of Maine, have also been to Massachusetts to be treated by physicians in Boston, and from all I have received very little benefit. One eminent physician said that I could not be cured, and many physicians examined me and refused to treat me.

"I had given up taking medicine.

HON. JOHN R. PRESCOTT, OF MAINE.

"About the middle of December, 1892, my wife had been reading some of the testimonials of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. She told me she wanted me to try one bottle of the Nervura.

"I said to her I had taken all the medicine I should. She sent to A. P. Cram, the druggist at Mt. Vernon, and bought one bottle of the Nervura, and said she wanted me to give it a fair trial.

"I commenced taking it about the 25th of December. When I had taken it about two weeks the pain left me entirely from my back and bowels, and I can urinate freely without pain and the neuralgia troubles me but very little.

"I gained in weight in the month of January twelve and one-half pounds. I am 67 years old and can work now every day, while before taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy I could not do any labor excepting a few chores.

"I hope that any one who is suffering from any trouble with the nerves or liver or kidneys will give Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy a fair trial. I know that they will get relief.

"I can truly say that I thank God that such a medicine as Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy was created, and I still thank Him that I was induced to take this wonderful medicine.

"I write this without any solicitation."

The cure of so prominent and widely known a public man as the Hon. John R. Prescott has created an immense stir throughout the entire State of Maine. His friends and acquaintances are surprised, nay, amazed, at his cure, for they had long looked upon his recovery as hopeless.

People are calling on him from New Sharon, Mercer, Belgrade, Mt. Vernon and Rome, and people are writing him from all over the country, inquiring about the remarkable facts of this cure by this truly wonderful health-giver, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

It is purely vegetable and harmless and all druggists sell it for $1. We would add also that it is the discovery and prescription of a well-known physician, Dr. Greene of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, who can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

Republican Candidates.

HON. D. NEWLIN FELL,

Candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court.

COL SAMUEL M. JACKSON,

Candidate for State Treasurer of Pennsylvania,

THE AWFUL CURSE OF POVERTY.

A most pitiable case of poverty is reported from Eureka No. 2. Charles Peterson, an honest, sober and hard working Swede, was thrown out of work by the dullness in the coal market and was reduced to absolute want. His family consists of a wife and six small children. Some four days ago he started out in search of work. During his absence his wife took sick in consequence of the approaching trials of maternity and died. Being too poor to call in a physician and enfeebled by want and sickness, the unfortunate lady easily succumbed to the inevitable and the dear little children were left motherless. The husband was notified, and the sight that met his eyes on his return must have been very heart-rending. His darling wife—the constant companion and sharer of his joys and sorrows—lying still in death, and his motherless children sobbing and fretting for the loving voice they will never hear more. The poor authorities of Woodward township were called upon to take charge of the remains and the unfortunate woman through poverty will be buried in a pauper's grave. What a subject for christian charity! It is hoped that the dear little children will be taken in charge by some of our charitably disposed people and the immediate necessities of the stricken family carefully looked after. A sad commentary on our modern civilization—in a land of plenty, in a country with all the resources of a bountiful Nature—a life goes out and a family nearly starves for the want of the necessaries of life.—Houtzdale Advance.

I suffered for more than ten years with that dreadful disease, catarrh, and used every available medicine that was recommended to me. I cannot thank you enough for the relief which Ely's Cream Balm has afforded me.—Emanuel Meyers, Winfield, L. I., N. Y.

Thousands of men desire to throw off the Tobacco, Opium or Drink Habit, but lack the will-power. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets are pleasant, harmless and work a positive cure. Try them and release yourself from a slavery which is slowly destroying your mind and wrecking your nervous system.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

Some time near midnight on Wednesday four masked men forced an entrance to the home of Mr. G. W. Bosler, engaged at truck gardening on the John Stoltz farm, near the Y. switches on the Hollidaysburg branch road. When first noticed by the inmates, they were holding revolvers to the heads of Mr. Bosler and his hired man, Brook Hammill, but as they had evidently not noticed Mrs. Bosler, that lady slipped out of the room, and securing what money was in the house started to leave the building and give an alarm, when she was caught sight of and stopped by one of the men. She was plucky, however, and immediately gave the man battle, fighting so lively and using her hands to such good purpose that he gave up and allowed her to pass. During the scuffle, Mrs. Bosler tore the mask from the face of the man and was able to give a good description of him. She said he was short, heavy set, had light hair and mustache and wore a light velvet or corduroy cap. Mr. Bosler had sold two cows on Wednesday, for which he received about $100, and it was doubtless this money which the men were after.—Altoona Tribune.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

DEATH OF MRS. TATE.

Mrs. Henrietta Tate, one of the oldest residents of Altoona, died Monday afternoon at five minutes of 2 o'clock at the home of her son, at 217 Seventh avenue. The causes of death were infirmities incident to old age, quickened by paralysis, with which she has suffered for the past fourteen months, being confined to her bed all that time.

The deceased was born near Bellefonte on the 10th day of August, 1812, thus being aged 81 years, 2 months and 13 days. She was united in marriage at Curtin's Mills, Centre county, and from the union came seven children, five of whom, two boys and three girls, are now living. They are: W. V. and John E. with whom the deceased made her home; Mrs. Sarah Hartzell, of this city; Mrs. Ruth Shelow, of Kentucky, and Mrs. Henrietta Bryan, of Curtin's forge. The husband of the deceased died several years ago.

Mrs. Tate was a member of the Fifth avenue Methodist Episcopal church, and all her life has been spent in the interests of the Methodist denomination. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock. The services were conducted at her late home by her pastor, Rev. Wm. Moses, after which interment was made in Fairview.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the Stockholders of the Agricultural College and Junction Turnpike Company on Tuesday the 7th day of November, 1893, at Lemont, Centre county, Pa., at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing officers.

WM. THOMPSON, JR.,
Secretary.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

—At State College last Saturday the Freshmen eleven defeated the Philipsburg foot ball team by the score of 34 to 6. Lane, Robinson, Dinsmore and Calder played best for the Freshmen, while Barnes put up the best game for the visitors. The Freshmen scored eight touchdowns and one goal, and Philipsburg one touchdown and one goal.

Mr. J. Johnson
of Philadelphia

Good and Reliable

Hood's Cured Malaria and Loss of Appetite.

The following letter is from a gentleman widely known in the section of Philadelphia where he lives, being a member of the I. O. O. F., Red Men, Order of Tonti, and the Republican Club, and a popular speaker in public meetings:

"I dare say that I am more glad in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla than its proprietors are in selling it. I took it for malaria and loss of appetite, and the fact that we have continued to use it in our family is sufficient evidence of our confidence in its efficacy. My food tastes better and relishes more naturally. My wife and daughter say Hood's Sarsaparilla has also very much improved my complexion. We regard it good and reliable, and recommend it to all of our friends." JAMES JOHNSON, 551 E. Indiana Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache and constipation. 25c.

It will pay any one in want of WALL PAPER to send for our beautiful line of matched samples, 3 to 20c. roll. GOOD PAPER

Send 10c. of postage, deduct it when ordering. Address R. H. CADY, 305 High St., Philadelphia.

D. P Shirey and George Woods in re-Petition to satisfy Mortgage in Book "P" page 57 given by Hannah Woods to John Brower Feb. 22, A. D., 1876.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre Co,

No. 24 Nov. T. 1893.

And now, Sept. 4, 1893, the within petition read and considered and it appearing to the Court that the legal presumption of payment of said mortgage exists from the lapse of time and no satisfaction appears of record, and that said mortgaged premises are situated in Centre County. The Court direct the Sheriff of Centre County to serve a notice on the holder or holders of said mortgage if they be found in Centre County and if be not found in said County of Centre, then the said Sheriff shall give public notice as aforesaid in one or more newspapers published in said County once a week for four weeks successively prior to the next term of Court requiring said parties to appear and make answer.

BY THE COURT.

Certified from record Sept. 4, 1893.

W. F. SMITH, Prothy.

39 4t

PIANO
Tuning and Repairing.
J. J. LEJEAL,
Of Erie, Pa., will be here fore part of October. Orders left at Bush House will receive prompt attention. 24-35-tf

MRS. O. N. NOURSE.

A MARVEL OF HEALING
IN THE
Green Mountain State!

GROTON, VT.,
DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

Gentlemen:—I wish to add my testimonial for the benefit I have received by the use of your THE SARSAPARILLA. My back was so **lame** that **I had to crawl up stairs** on my hands and knees for more than three months—had a

TERRIBLE BURNING SENSATION

in my stomach—had **no appetite—KIND could not sleep nights** nor turn over in bed without help—tried almost everything that I heard of without any good results. At last I tried DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. Had not taken **more than half of one bottle** before I began to feel better, and by the time that I had taken one bottle THAT **I FELT ENTIRELY WELL.** I have taken two bottles, and **I feel like a new creature.** Can do a good day's work. Go up stairs as well as anybody. **Have a good appetite,** and in fact, I feel all right. And feeling that CURES it is my duty to tell others, together with a deep sense of gratitude, prompts me to write you this letter.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. E. N. NOURSE.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

The Keystone Watch Case Co. of Philadelphia, the largest watch case manufacturing concern in the world, is now putting upon the Jas. Boss Filled and other cases made by it, a bow (ring) which cannot be twisted or pulled off the watch.

It is a sure protection against the pickpocket and the many accidents that befall watches fitted with the old-style bow, which is simply held in by friction and can be twisted off with the fingers. It is called the

Non-pull-out

and CAN ONLY BE HAD with cases bearing their trade mark—

Sold only through watch dealers, without extra charge.

Don't use your knife or finger nails to open your watch case. Send for an opener (free).

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. C. A. Faulkner and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 31st day of Oct 1893, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of Nov. the 27th day of Nov. 1893, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then or there to prosecute against them shall be just.

Give under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 31st day of Oct. in the year of our Lord, 1893, and the one hundred and seventeenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER,
24 43 4t Sheriff.

THE WOLD'S FAIR.
Photographed and described. Wide awake Agent, wanted for our new World's Fair book by Directors General Davis, Mrs. Potter Palmer and other officials. Over 500 pictures, nearly all photographs, 628 pages. Low price. Big commission. Freight paid. 30 days' credit. Selling fast. Men or ladies make $10 a day. Send for circular; or send 50 cents to-day for large outfit, containing over 100 photographs.
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T. B. HARMS & CO.,
18 E. 22d St., NEW YORK.

REPEALERS WIN.

Voorhees' Bill Passes the Senate By a Vote of 43 to 32.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 30.—At 7.26 o'clock this evening by a vote of 43 to 32 the senate, after one of the most remarkable and memorable parliamentary battles of a generation, passed the bill unconditionally repealing the silver purchase clause of the Sherman law.

The end was reached at the conclusion of a continuous session of fourteen weeks, after sixty-one days of debate, during which five volumes of Congressional Record had been filled with speeches, amounting in the aggregate to about 20,000,000 words, a stream of talk that would stretch in cold type from the seaboard 1,600 miles into the interior, from Liberty Enlightening the World in New York harbor to the foothills of the Rocky mountains.

The closing day of the great struggle for the repeal of the purchase of silver was one of intense excitement. The gallaries were packed to the doors, every seat in the senate was occupied and the walls were lined with representatives from the lower branch of congress. The ægis of senatorial courtesy was no protection in the last moments. Gray-haired men, inflamed by the fiery passions that always characterize the close of a bitter contest, did not spare each other.

GAVE VENT TO BITTERNESS.

Senator Morgan, with words that fairly burned, heaped his denunciation on Senator Voorhees, the leader of the administration forces, and Senator Wolcott, the Hotspur, concluded a fierce philippie against Senator Carey, with the Spanish proverb of Sancho Panza, that it was waste of lather to shave an ass. The silver Republicans, Teller, Stewart, DuBois, Wolcott and Jones, Peffer the Populist, and Morgan, and the old war governor of Tennessee, Harris, each made his valedictory.

The Democrats were hot and angry at the desertion of some of their colleagues that made their defeat possible the Populists admonished the senate that the doom of silver was the doom of the old parties, but there was something tragically pathetic in the despairing cry of the silver senators. It meant, they said, ruin and destruction and desolation to the silver-producing states. Senator Jones, with an emphasis that will never be forgotten by those who heard him, warned those about him that the end of the fight marked but the beginning of the battle that would be waged before the people.

SILVERITES DEFIANT.

In tones deep and tragic he repeated Dundee's famous defiance of Gordon:

There be hills beyond Pentland
And Friths beyond Forth;
If there be lords in the lowlands
There be chiefs in the North.

Senator Stewart had the last word, and when the white-bearded Nevadian, looking like an ancient patriarch, sank back in his seat Vice-President Stevenson for the last time announced that the bill was before the senate for amendment. He paused. Senator Voorhees, the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, arose. The decisive moment had come. The vice-president flashed his eye about the chamber. The occupants of the gallaries leaned over. The flood of light from the glass-paneled ceiling poured down upon the senate. The chamber was as still as death. Not a soul stirred. Everyone seemed to hold his breath.

"If there are no further amendments," said the vice-president, slowly and solemnly, "the clerk will call the roll."

A STRIKING SCENE.

"Mr. Allen," began the clerk. The suspense was over. The Rubicon had been passed. The roll was at last being called on the final passage of the bill. From all over the chamber came a sigh of relief. Mr. Bland, the silver champion of the house, stood like a statue behind the senate desks while the roll was called. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Voorhees, facing each other bolt upright, did not move a muscle. Mr. Peffer stroked his head. Mr. Mills and Mr. Cockrell paced impatiently up and down the area in front of the vice president's chair. Mr. Hill sat in the front row talking to his antagonist, Mr. Butler.

It took almost ten minutes to call the roll and arrange the pairs. When the vice president announced the vote, Mr. Voorhees straightened up to his full length.

"I now move," said he, with a note of triumph in his voice, "that the senate adjourn until to-morrow at 12 o'clock."

Before the question could be put the occupants of the gallaries were jostling each other in their attempts to crowd out of the doors. The senators fled from the chamber. In sixty seconds none but a few employes remained upon the scene. The long battle was over—the field deserted.

THE DECISIVE VOTE.

The final vote resulted in 43 yeas to 32 nays, as follows;

Yeas—Aldrich, Brice, Caffery. Camden, Carey, Cullom, Davis, Dixon, Dolph, Faulkner, Frye, Gallinger, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Hale, Hawley, Higgins, Hill, Hoar, Hunton, Lindsay, Lodge, McMillen, McPherson, Manderson, Mills, Mitchell, of Wisconsin, Morrill, Murphy, Platt, Proctor, Quay, Ransom, Sherman, Smith, Squire, Stockbridge, Turpie, Vilas, Voorhees, Washburn, White of Louisiana.

Nays—Allen, Bates, Berry, Blackburn, Butler, Call, Cameron, Cockrell, Coke, Daniel, DuBois, George, Harris, Irby, Jones of Arkansas, Jones of Nevada, Kyle, Martin, Pasco, Peffer, Perkins, Pettigrew, Power, Pugh, Roach, Shoup, Stewart, Teller, Vance, Vest, Walthall, Wolcott.

The following pairs were announced, the first-named holding the affirmative: Allison with Mitchell of Oregon, Chandler with White of California, Wilson with Colquitt, Gordon with Morgan, Palmer with Hansbrouck.

IT IS BETTER.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the dressmaker for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin, all your own, than a brown stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better walk forever than to run into debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by the plain pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than to send home a new extension black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane seated chairs and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home by the upholsterer for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a free "don't-owe-you-a-cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better to pay the street organ grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than to owe for a grand piano.

Better gaze on the bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthen ware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef, and know that it does not belong to you.

GREAT MEN.

The greatest men are those who have done the most for the good and advancement of the human race. The man who stands most prominently before the public to-day in the cure of disease, is Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14 Street, New York, the discoverer of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. He is the founder of that great system of giving consultation and advice by means of letter correspondence, free of charge.

Write him a description of your complaint, or send for his symptom blank, and he will send you an exact description of your disease. He gives most careful and explicit attention to all letters, answering all questions and thoroughly explaining each symptom so that you will know exactly what your complaint is; and for all this he makes no charge. Dr. Greene is the most successful specialist in the cure of all nervous and chronic diseases and he gives you the benefit of his valuable advice with no expense to yourself, and by thus writing him about your case, you will undoubtedly regain your health.

TABLE TALK.

Whereas, it is the President's duty to issue the proclamation recommending "to the people of the United States, a day of public Thanksgiving," "TABLE TALK," in its November issue, has assumed the duty of so lightening the labors of the housekeepers that they may be among those who enjoy the holiday, for by the delightful as well as practical way in which it gives its dinners, and acts as guide through all the intricacies of preparation, it leaves them little to do. The Housekeeper's Inquiries are numerous and among the answers one finds many a valuable and long wished for recipe, as well as ideas that continue to make housekeeping more and more of a success. Send for this Thanksgiving number which will cost you 10 cents. Subscription price $1.00 per year. Published by Table Talk Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMAN-HOOD has its own special medicine in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. And every woman who is "run-down" or overworked, every woman who suffers from any "female complaint" or weakness, needs just that remedy. With it, every disturbance, irregularity, and derangement can be permanently cured.

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and the *only* medicine for women so *safe* and *sure* that it can be *guaranteed*. In periodical pains, displacements, weak back, bearing-down sensations, and every kindred ailment, if it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good"?

IT ISN'T THE USUAL WAY—it's just the reverse — to pay a patient when you can't cure him. Nevertheless, that's what's done by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They promise to pay you $500 if they can't cure your catarrh.

A MAN'S VALUE.

That appearances are often deceptive every one knows. That there may be more in a man than appears on the surface any one will admit. That a man may be penniless and yet be worth thousands of dollars is, however, a proposition which along with the two preceding ones it has been reserved for the United States Government officials to demonstrate,

From the official reports of the Census Department it is learned that the average young man of 154 pounds weight could be put in marketable form so as to produce the sum of $18,300. This involves only one slight inconvenience to the young man. He can't have his money and himself both. He must submit to the somewhat inconvenient process of being cut into small pieces which are to be cooked and decomposed into their original elements. When this is done there will be 90 pounds of water, 10 pounds of glue, a cubic foot diamond of pure carbon and 51 ounces of calcium worth $300 per ounce. There is also among other ingredients 3½ pounds of brimstone, though judging from the devlishness of some people the amount must sometimes vary greatly from the average. From these figures it will be seen that there are a good many people who would be of more value to their families resolved into their original elements than in propria persona.

MUCH IN A NAME.

"Come, Mousey," he called from the head of the cabin stairs as the boat landed.

The passengers watched, wondering meanwhile if Mousey were a black-and-tan, or a Skyeterrier.

"The boat's nearly there, Birdie," he called again.

Were there two of them? All eyes were strained, but nothing answered to the call. The whistle of the steamer blew, and again the man peered anxiously down the cabin stairs over the heads of the up rushing crowd.

"Ducky," he called loudly, "aren't you coming?"

No "Ducky" put in an appearance and again he called in a pleading tone.

"B-a-b-y! why don't you hurry? We'll be the last to get to the boat.

Then a woman weighing at least two hundred and fifty pounds appeared on the stairway carrying a big lunch basket, two camp chairs and several shawls and rugs.

"I'm coming, hubby," she said placidly, and everybody who saw her got out of the way as they recalled Mr. Shakespeare's pertinent inquiry, "What's in a name?"

THEY WANT THE BALANCE.

An action has been begun by the Tyrone and Clearfield railway company to the use of the Pennsylvania railroad company, against C. Pardee, Edward Roberts and A. E. Irwin, to recover $11,842.08, under a railway contract. The statement of the claim sets out that on January 2, 1882, the Clearfield railway company leased its railroad to the Pennsylvania railroad company for fifty years. The defendants own property near Pennsville, and on July 13, 1891, made a written contract with the plaintiffs to furnish from $20,000 to $25,000 towards defraying the expense of building an extension two and one half miles in length from the end of the Clearfield railway track, above Curwensville, to coal property belonging to the defendants at Pennsville. The defendants were to be repaid by a 10 per cent. drawback on freight running over the extension. The plaintiff company spent $33,730.87 for the extension and thus far the defendants have only paid them $13,157.92. They sue to recover the balance of the $25,000 due.

The Pennsylvania correspondent of Shooting and Fishing says that game is plentiful in this state this fall. He adds that grouse are more numerous than for some years; woodcock are beginning to appear; bob-white have wintered well; rabbits are found in great numbers, and both the red and gray fox are very common.

The Meadville Tribune-Republican is responsible for this: "What's in a name?" At a recent swell church affair in this city an orchestra was present to discourse sweet music as an indispensible feature of the occasion, and the introductory number was "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," followed a little late by "After the Ball" and "Papa Won't Buy Me a Bow-Wow."

The mill of Louis F. Patterson, near Uniontown, was struck by lightning Saturday night during a heavy rainstorm and burned. R. F. Moore, the miller, was in the building and was stunned. The lightning left the mill and followed a wire fence about 200 yards, where it left the fence, killing a lot of hogs. The loss is estimated at $5,000. A son of Moore, who was struck by lightning some time ago, was paralyzed in his chair and is in a ciritical condition.

NOVEMBER DAYS.

November is a month of rainy, disagreeable days. The damp, cold air penetrates everywhere and chills the blood, laying the system open to the danger of colds, pneumonia and kindred complaints. There is but one remedy that stimulates the system and fortifies it against such attacks, and that is whiskey. Not such a whiskey as is generally palmed off on the public, but a whiskey of known purity and quality. Such a whiskey is Klein's Silver Age, Duquesne or Bear Creek Rye. These whiskies have been before the public for many years and find favor wherever purity is required. Physicians prescribe them; hospitals use them, and every reputable dealer sells them.

These goods are for sale by S. Shloss, Williamsport, at regular prices.

NATURE NEVER NIGGARDLY.

When We Exhaust One of Her Storehouses, She Immediately Opens Another.

It is well known to everybody that the seeds of the cotton plant were for many years regarded as waste and worthless material. Millions of tons of them have been thrown away, and one of the perplexities of the cotton planter was how to get rid of this enormous bulk of stuff that had no market value.

Within a recent date, however, cotton seed has become utilized, and instead of being useless it has come to be well nigh priceless. It furnishes an oil which can be used for mechanical purposes and is easily salable as a good and cheap substitute for olive oil. From 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons of seeds are produced every year, and the planter finds in it a very fortunate addition to his profits.

But a still further use has been discovered. An English inventor recently found a way to convert this oil into rubber, and a large number of factories in the United States are making out of it a substance which is likely in the near future to oust from the market the rubber product of the Caribbean coast.

Nature is never niggardly, and when we clear out one of her storehouses she immediately opens the door of another. Our whaling fleets 50 years ago represented one of our most important industries. Nantucket and New Bedford grew rich and prosperous, sent out scores of vessels on long voyages, sometimes of two or three years.

But whales grew scarce, and we wondered what would become of us. The whaling craft rotted at the wharves, because it was no longer profitable to man them. Then some lucky fellow, digging a well in Pennsylvania, found to his surprise that oil gushed out instead of water, and all the world wondered. Other wells were sunk, companies were formed and colossal fortunes were amassed. The whales could be dispensed with, for under every man's farm in certain localities was an inexhaustible reservoir of the precious fluid.

And now we are told that this whole delta of the Mississippi is composed of mud which is valuable as a fertilizer. The soil is a rich deposit, which has been brought by the lazy current for 1,000 miles, is the gift of every state through which the river flows, and some years, or some generations hence, it will prove a bonanza to its owners. We ship fertilizers from distant quarters of the globe, and they are as marketable as wheat or corn. The demand is steadily on the increase, and it is not improbable that the acres of black loam at the mouth of our lordly river will be shipped for the enrichment of northern farms.

All this seems very odd, but at the same time it is very interesting.—New York Telegram.

The Vivisector Held Up.

One of the most curious expeditions ever planned by man was that once undertaken by Dr. J. G. Bunting of Portland. During all his life he had been a close student of the philosophy of digestion, and for the purpose of his investigations he had that remarkable Canadian, Alexis St. Martin, in his care for 20 years.

In order to cinch matters and provide facts for some of the doubting Thomases, Dr. Bunting cast about for some one else upon whom he might continue to experiment. He could think of but one plan, and that was to go into Africa, buy two slaves and operate upon their stomachs. By opening the body near the fifth rib and perforating the stomach a condition could be produced similar to that existing in the person of St. Martin. Therefore the doctor purchased his supplies and sailed across to Tunis in the north of Africa. There he hired a native chief with 40 of his followers, paying them a liberal retaining fee and promising alluring largess when the trip should be ended.

They set forth. The doctor carried £1,000 in his inside pocket, and the chief probably lay awake four nights thinking about the matter. At any rate on the fifth night he sneaked into the doctor's tent and delivered a little address over the muzzles of two pistols. When he had concluded, the doctor passed over his ducats, and the chief passed over the border along with his renegade band. They helped themselves to such supplies as suited their artless and unenlightened tastes. The doctor came back without a retinue, but with a deal of experience that will never appear in a medical work.—Lewiston Journal.

Killed by Imagination.

The odd fact is that a man's mind is stronger than his body, and if he decides that the wheels shall stop at a given time they are very likely to do so. An emotion will influence a heart beat. The physical machinery is dependent on what is going on in the brain.

On one occasion a condemned felon was given in charge of some doctors for experimental purposes. They blindfolded him, bored his arm, told him they were going to bleed him to death, made a puncture in the artery, but without drawing a drop of blood, and then let warm water trickle over the flesh. The poor creature was under the impression that he was really bleeding, and while the doctors talked in whispers he grew faint, his heart slowed in its action, and after awhile he was stone dead.

It is a good deal better to think you are going to live than that you are going to die. Many a sick man has got well because he wanted to. The body is the veriest slave of our thoughts and passions, and if you have a notion that you are ill the notion will create illness. Keep cheerful and live as long as you can.—Exchange.

Sir Boyle Roche Indignant.

Autograph letters of Sir Philip Francis are authority for adding this to the many famous Irish "bulls" attributed to Sir Boyle Roche.

Some ladies went to the Irish house of commons to hear a particular debate, which happened to be put off till the next day. Sir Boyle Roche said:

"Indeed, ladies, I am very sorry for your disappointment, but why didn't you come tomorrow?"

One day the house being remarkably quiet, Sir Boyle said: "Mr. Speaker, I spake to order. An honorable gentleman who always sits behind me is perpetually laughing in my face! I move that before he laughs at me any more he will be pleased to tell me what he is laughing at."—Youth's Companion.

A Beauty Course.

Several Viennese physicians have made a specialty of woman culture. One of them, a Dr. Robert Fischer, says that his practice of this sort is so great that the days are not long enough. Continues this frank speaker: "Numbers of mothers put their daughters through a whole course of beautification when they are in the marriage market. That's the time when the most elaborate reparations of the human form are ordered and undertaken. I have a great deal more to do in the spring and fall than for the most fashionable balls of the year."

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

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"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

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IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.

IT COSTS YOU
ONE WHOLE DOLLAR

To buy a World's Fair Souvenir Half Dollar. This is all right, because the price is the same everywhere, and you can't get cheated in the quality. But when you want to buy Groceries you must exercise judgment or you will get an inferior article at an exhorbitant price. But you will get just what you want if you go to

THE EUREKA

As they keep nothing but the Freshest and Best Groceries, and sell at One Cash Price to all, a price so low that none sell lower. Fresh goods received every day. Country produce of every description purchased, and highest market prices paid. If you have any doubt about what we say come in and see us, we will prove it true.

NEXT TO POSTOFFICE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Crushed Coke,
Coal,
Stove Wood!

Crushed Coke—We crush and prepare Chestnut, Stove and Egg sizes for use in Cook Stoves and Heaters, as well as a most excellent fuel for heating School Houses and Churches. No smoke, no clinkers. It is the best and cheapest fuel now in use.

Coal—Anthracite—Pea, Chestnut, Stove, Egg and Furnace Coal. Snow Shoe Coal, run of the mines and screened lump; Black Block Nut and Woodland Coal.

Stove Wood—Stove Wood sawed and split to suit buyers. We invite patronage and spare no efforts to furnish Coal for the full value we receive for it. All orders will receive prompt attention.

McCALMONT & CO., Bellefonte, Pa.

STORY OF A REGISTERED LETTER.

BY EMMA BENNETT.

"I WANT to get this letter reggistered." I looked up and saw a gaunt, raw-boned old woman stretching a letter toward me through the registry window. A pretty young girl of sixteen or seventeen was standing beside her, leaning against the casing. The girl's cheeks were paler than her plump appearance indicated to be natural; there were sad rings under her eyes, and a general tone of hopelessness about her, while she eyed the letter wistfully that the old woman held.

"Who is sending it?" I asked, producing the registry book and dipping my pen into the inkstand.

"She's sending it—Rose is," with a nod toward the young girl. "Rose Morgan, that's her name, sir," in answer to my glance of perplexity.

The girl had started suddenly—almost fiercely—as the old woman spoke, and then had settled back again into her old hopeless self.

"And who's it to?" I asked, holding out my hand for the letter.

"'Tain't directed. Rose nor me can't write. Won't you do it for us?"

"Oh, certainly," taking the letter. "Well?"

"It's to Peter Brooke, Minersville, Idaho." Then taking the letter and examining it curiously, "You've sure you've got it all right?"

"I put on just what you told me."

"Oh, well, probably it's all right, then. It's kind of particular, that's all. There's a ring inside. Perhaps you felt it when you was directing it?"

I admitted that I had felt something.

"How'll I know when he gets it?"

"You'll get a card back with his name signed to it."

"You're sure it'll be all right, then?"

"Sure? Yes."

With a searching look in my face to vouch for the truth of my affirmation, the old woman turned away. The young girl still leaned up against the window. She bent her head toward mine and whispered in a hot, fierce tone,—

"Don't tell him I sent it! It was her, all her!"

"Why don't you tell him?" I asked in the same undertone.

The girl's distress was evident, I could not help sympathizing with her.

"I can't!" she said passionately. "Don't you see that I don't dare—"

"Rose," the old woman called sharply, are you coming?"

"Yes, I'm coming," she answered, with such an expression of despair upon her round, childish face that I could not get it out of mind the rest of the day.

There was nothing I could do about it. I did not know the old woman's name, and so could not substitute it for "Rose Morgan's" had I been so disposed. Besides the letter was sealed, the receipt given, and "Uncle Sam" doesn't care to have any meddling with his affairs.

One sees trouble in so many forms in public places—in any place where there are many people—that one grows hardened. The next day I went away on my summer vacation and forgot the whole affair.

Summer drifted into autumn. One day I was poring over my money order cash accounts, when Fred Lee's smiling face appeared at the window.

"Shut up your musty books and come for a drive."

"I can't old fellow. Business, you know, before pleasure."

"Confound the business!" Fred ejaculated. "Come on—make it up to-night."

Fred is the most unpractical, hot-headed youth in existence. Of course I couldn't stand out long against him when to add to his arguments, the afternoon was delightful and I was longing to go. In less time it takes to tell it, we were spinning down the road behind Fred's fine black trotter.

We took a long country drive. The chestnuts were just bursting through their prickly burs, and the maples and foliage were in a blaze of glory. We drove home by a roundabout way—a way I had never been before. We were coming to an old, weather-beaten farmhouse. It was half covered with ivy, and stood quite a distance back from the road. A little zigzag path went twining and twisting up to the front door.

There was a picturesqueness about it all that struck Fred's fancy, and he was leaning from the carriage, eagerly pointing out a hedge of golden-rod along the fallen old fence, when he stopped suddenly.

"By George! there's a girl under that old apple tree by the fence. The place didn't look to me as if any one lived there."

I glanced in the direction he indicated. Yes there in an old rocking-chair under the apple tree sat a young girl. She had a faded plaid shawl drawn close around her, and sat with her head against the back of the rocker, and her eyes were closed. She looked like a person who had been ill a long time, and yet there was a familiar look about the slight figure and the worn young face. We were quite close to her now, and the bright autumnal sun was slanting through the apple tree boughs down on the closed eyelids and soft brown hair.

"Merciful powers!" I exclaimed. "It's Rose Morgan!"

Fred looked at me in wild-eyed astonishment.

"And who on earth is Rose Morgan?"

Then I told him the whole story. He listened eagerly and when I had finished, he put his hand upon my coat sleeve and said solemnly.—

"If ever I knew a man totally devoid of comprehension, you're the individual."

"Well, I'd like to know What I could have done," I said resentfully.

One can't put up with too much, even from one's friends.

"What you could have done?" Fred echoed emphatically. "Why, man alive, it's as plain as the nose on your face! Write to him! You had his address all in black and white. And when the girl appealed to you to help her—good Lord! wouldn't the shade of Don Quixote turn pale! I only hope it isn't too late now."

"Too late?" I growled, "Too late to write, do you mean? Well, I should rather say that it is. The man may have changed his residence a dozen times since that."

"He may and he may not," responded Fred. "Anyhow we'll try it. If the girl only lives till we get him here, it's all I ask."

It's pretty rough on a man who has always tried to mind his own business to suddenly find an avalanche of blame heaped upon him because he didn't meddle with some one else's affairs. And the worst of it was that I felt so conscience-stricken. I believe I should always have reproached myself with that girl's murder if she had died.

Fred came back to the office with me, and between us we fixed up a letter to Peter Brooke. Fred insisted upon telling the whole story—the identical words the girl used on the day I first saw her—and closed with a pathetic picture of her as she sat under the old apple tree where we saw her last. I suggested adding a stirring appeal that he should come as soon as he received the letter, but Fred said that was superfluous. If he cared for the girl he would come without any advice from me, and if he had forgotten her and got another, wild horses wouldn't bring him. The night mail carried the letter toward Minersville, Idaho.

Fred and I anxiously awaited results. I, with a heavy heart, now I was awake to the enormity of my transgression, while Fred wore a face of subdued tranquility as of having done his best, though without avail.

Two weeks, three weeks, four, and not a word had we heard from the distant lover, Fred shook his head mournfully.

"It's no use. Probably the fellow has moved away.

It was the fifth week and a Thursday morning. We had just got the mail distributed, and I stood in the window for a moment looking out. There were a good many in the office, and the boy was handing out the mail. Presently I saw a tall, lank man coming in. He looked like a stranger, and I eyed him curiously. He wore a "pepper and salt" suit, a heavy blue overcoat, and a broad-brimmed slouch hat. He made straight for my window.

"How are you?" he said huskily. "Are you the fellow that wrote that letter?"

Peter Brooke had arrived at last! He shook my hand with a grip that brought tears to my eyes. Then with a deepening of the husky tone he asked.—

"Do you know if it's all right with her?"

I was able to tell him "Yes," for Fred had driven by there only the day before and had caught a glimpse of her face at the window.

He left me with another wring of the hand, and pouring forth a volley of thanks.

Later in the day, when Fred and I had met to talk it over between us in our gloomy boardinghouse, a dashing team of greys drove up to the door, and, the veritable knight of the blue coat and broad-brimmed hat was holding the reins. A black broad-clothed, silk-hatted individual sat on the back seat, and Peter Brooke informed us he had come to take us to witness his marriage ceremony.

The little old wood-colored house was bright and cheery inside, with a big fire in an old-fashioned fireplace. Rose Morgan looked interestingly pale but radiant, as the flames flickered around her.

Peter Brooke told us that the old woman who sent the letter was Rose's aunt. She had not a chick or child of her own, and could not bear to leave the old place to come West with Rose and her husband, so she took this way of breaking off the match. There had been another man in the case long ago, and when the ring reached Peter, he supposed that during his absence his rival had slipped into his place. Rose was a weak, impressionable creature and the old woman had a will like iron.

But "All's well that ends well," and the dignified parson tied the knot that bound Peter Brooke and Rose Morgan in such firm fashion that no man, woman, or registered letter, could readily put it asnnder. Even Rose's aunt looked on with resignation, if with no lively feeling of satisfaction.

As the bridegroom left us at our door in the early evening, he clasped my hand at parting as he whispered almost inaudibly,—

"We have you to thank for it all!"

But Fred says that is rank injustice.

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LIST OF JURORS.

Drawn for the November Term of Court.

GRAND JURORS.

John Derstine, carpenter,	Bellefonte
D B Malone, farmer,	Boggs
Wash Garbric, farmer,	Benner
C T Fryberger, merchant,	Philipsburg
Aaron Crouse, laborer,	Miles
J C Corl, farmer,	Ferguson
James Immel, farmer,	Gregg
Jerry Gill, shoemaker,	Spring
Mathias Weagley, farmer,	Gregg
John A Hatch, dentist,	Philipsburg
Elijah Kellerman, gent,	Milesburg
C M Musser, mechanic.	Philipsburg
James Long, laborer,	Spring
Thomas Eaton, brickmaker	S Philipsburg
W H Bloom, farmer,	Ferguson
Joseph Hoffman, farmer,	Huston
D H Shivery, farmer,	Benner
Jon. Bullock, carriage maker,	Milesburg
Z S Welsh, farmer,	Curtin
J C Brown, farmer,	Potter
A Y Wagner, miller,	Benner
Andrew Meyer, farmer.	Haines
John Barger, laborer,	Boggs
Samuel T Gray, farmer,	Patton

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

S E Pfoutz, mine boss,	Rush
Patrick Loughrey, farmer,	Union
Solomon Peck, merchant,	Walker
Wm Shunkwiler, blacksmith,	Snow Shoe
C W Korman, farmer,	Benner
Calvin Kline, laborer,	College
J J Tressler, farmer,	College
Jeremiah Lee, farmer,	Walker
A H Tressler, farmer,	Ferguson
Levi Reese, farmer,	Worth
David Burd, farmer,	Penn
R H Houser, contractor,	Spring
Henry Potter, farmer,	Harris
C B Hess, farmer,	Ferguson
S D McEwen, farmer,	Walker
A W Harper, confectioner,	Rush
H W Frantz, teacher,	Potter
George Brown, farmer,	Boggs
Charles English, merchant,	Philipsburg
Abner Noll merchant,	Spring
Jesse Cox, carpenter,	Bellefonte
Wm Bell, mason,	College
J L McLarren, butcher,	Philipsburg
Cornelius Dale, farmer,	College
Byron Teller, pump maker,	Boggs
S B Row, gent,	Philipsburg
Wm Johnson, farmer,	Ferguson
H Twitmeyer, carpenter,	Spring
S Sellers, gent,	Half Moon
Jesse Rearick, farmer,	Union
Wm Resides, farmer,	Union
George Lamb, dealer,	Philipsburg
Wm Beck, farmer,	Walker
D F Luse, mechanic,	Centre Hall
E R Jones, laborer,	Worth
J Warren Brown, farmer,	Haines
W F Stoyer, carpenter,	Ferguson
Lewis Price, foreman	Snow Shoe
Howard Heaton, farmer,	Boggs
Israel Wolf, tailor,	Miles
Robert Hepburn, carpenter,	Bellefonte
Elias Beastline, laborer,	Ferguson
Charles Sharpless, mine supt	Philipsburg
John F Holt, laborer,	Union
P W Burket, tinner,	Half Moon
George Riter, laborer,	Spring
W H Bechdol, farmer,	Liberty
John Grove, farmer,	Benner

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Alonza Grow, laborer,	Rush
G W Nagle, jeweler,	Philipsburg
D W Guise, teacher,	Centre Hall
James Dillen, farmer,	Huston
Jacob D Breon, farmer,	Gregg
H E Noll, agent,	Haines
J L Shope, farmer,	Boggs
E W Kline, teacher,	Howard boro
P H Shires, laborer,	Millheim
Job Williams, farmer.	Worth
Jacob Craft, farmer.	Burnside
S A Bell, bricklayer,	Bellefonte
Charles Kuhn, farmer,	College
David Bartley, carpenter,	Bellefonte
Wm Hess, gent,	Philipsburg
Thomas Heverly, clerk,	Bellefonte
L C Bullock, laborer,	Huston
Austin Gramley, farmer,	Miles
Joel Johnson, laborer,	Bellefonte
John McGonigal, supt	Philipsburg
John Wirth, laborer,	Miles
J H Brown, laborer,	Snow Shoe
Jesse Long, butcher,	Miles
B F Vonada, farmer,	Marion
Haston Arney, farmer,	Haines
John Hoffa, grain merchant,	Penn
Curtis Wagner, miller,	Benner
Frank Rittenhour, blacksmith,	Rush
James Hunter, carpenter,	Philipsburg
Jacob Hoy, farmer,	Benner
Wm Ertle, sawyer,	Penn
Robert Cole, architect,	Bellefonte
Wm Kreamer, painter,	Bellefonte
A R Price, laborer,	Taylor
Wm Alexander, miller,	Gregg
Jacob Wagner, miller,	Ferguson

THIRD WEEK.

James Turner, farmer,	Howard
W H Wike, fireman,	Philipsburg
David Lucas, farmer	Boggs
H J Limbert, farmer,	Miles
Adam Heckman, farmer,	Penn
Jefferson Bechtol, laborer,	Snow Shoe
L C Green, (col.) barber,	Bellefonte
W H Harter, wagon maker,	Liberty
B P Shipley, laborer,	Union
Nathaniel Bowersox, farmer,	Miles
H E Downing, farmer,	Taylor
Wm Markle, teacher,	Walker
Lewis Rossman, farmer,	Gregg
E L Snavely, farmer,	Walker
J C Peters, farmer,	Union
John Tressler, teacher,	Harris
George Kline, Sr., laborer,	College
Harry A Stoner, farmer,	Gregg
Anthony Duesling, gent,	Spring
Jacob Winkleblech, farmer,	Haines
Jas R Hughes, teacher,	Bellefonte
John A Rankin, clerk,	Bellefonte
Samuel Diehl, coach maker,	Bellefonte
A J Johnson, carpenter,	Worth
Howard Foust, laborer,	Gregg
E Confer, farmer,	Boggs
Chas W Slack, farmer,	Potter
John E Royer, farmer,	Miles
J B Childs, supt	Philipsburg
Charles Smoyer, farmer,	Boggs
S H Orrus, painter,	Boggs
B W Royer, farmer,	Miles
David Fye, carpenter,	Potter
Henry J Pletcher, farmer,	Howard twp
W N Auman, laborer,	Millheim
Morgan Lucas, farmer,	Boggs

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BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Why," cried Eleanor Goode, "it's a perfect palace! I really had no idea of grandeur like this."

"Isn't it?" echoed Miriam Kasson. "I wish, dear, I could ask you to stay and spend the day, but I dare not; I'm too much of a stranger here to take any liberties."

"Oh, I shouldn't expect it!" said Eleanor, looking around at the decorated ceilings, pale blue silk draperies and lovely bits of landscape on the walls. "I know exactly how you're situated, Milly. But can't you come shopping with me? Bob has given me a five-dollar bill to buy a new gown with, and there are some of the sweetest old-blue ginghams at Tuck and Nipp's."

Miss Kasson shook her head.

"Impossible!" said she. "You see the family have gone to Barrington to a funeral, and I am left in charge. And you don't know," she added, with a comical little pursing up of the lips, "how afraid I am of Mrs. Yerkes, the housekeeper, or how my heart beats when I feel myself compelled to give an order to the butler."

"I wish I were you!" cried Eleanor. "It would be such fun!"

"One hardly knows," sighed Miriam, "whether one is a lady or a servant!"

"Oh, there can't be much doubt of that!" said Eleanor. "Look at yourself in the mirror, dear. Wouldn't you say that you beheld a princess in disguise?"

"Nonsense! But at least let me get you a glass of cool water, Nell; you look so flushed with your long walk."

She slipped away, while Eleanor beguiled the time of her absence by a lengthened survey of herself in the mirror.

Yes, it was no unsatisfactory view—a dimpled, rosy young Venus, with sparkling hazel eyes, red lips and a complexion of purest pink and white. And then—Good gracious! one of the ribbon loops of her airy summer dress had come loose. She looked frantically around for a pin to repair damages, but no pin was to be seen.

"They're in the bureau drawer," said she to herself. "Milly always was too distressingly neat for anything. Oh, here they are!" grasping at a paper of pins. "And here, too—oh, the delicious little glutton!—here's a box of chocolate caramels, tied with pink ribbon. I'll teach her to hide her sweeties away from me! How she will stare when she finds them gone!"

It was the act of a moment to whisk the bon-bon box into her little shopping-bag and appear deeply absorbed in repairing the damages to her wardrobe, when Miss Kasson came in, bringing a glass of water and some fancy crackers on a small Japanese tray.

By the time she reached the famous emporium of Messrs, Tuck and Nipp the "bargains" in old-blue ginghams were gone, and nothing remained "fit to be seen" at any price to which she could venture to aspire, and so she betook herself sorrowfully to the pretty flat which she called home.

And none too soon, for a telegram awaited her there, announcing that her mother, in Orange county, was very ill, and it was necessary for her to go thither at once.

At the end of two weeks she brought her mother home, nearly recovered.

Little Sarah, the youngest sister, received her joyfully.

"It's been so lonesome without you, Nell, said she. "I've kept house beautifully, only Biddy has scorched the oatmeal every morning, and the coffee hasn't tasted just right, and Bob has been so busy he couldn't find time to go walking with me."

"Busy!" satirically echoed Eleanor.

"Oh, but he really was! He's got a real case, Bob has; and it's awful interesting, too. The judge assigned it to him because the defendant—I think that's the proper law phrase," with a pretty little wrinkling of the eyebrows—"hadn't any means to provide one for herself. And she's ever so pretty, Bob says, and he's quite sure she isn't guilty; and won't it be strange," nestling her curly head against her mother's shoulder, "if Bob should fall in love with his first client?"

Eleanor looked distressed.

"Mother," said she, didn't I tell you what would come of your allowing Sarah to read so many novels? In love, indeed! Most likely the woman is an adventuress."

"All the same," persisted Sarah, "Bob says it's a very interesting case, and it's in all the papers headed, 'The Great Diamond Robbery.'"

"The child has been reading those horrid daily papers, too!" groaned Eleanor.

"And it has advertised Bob more than a dozen ordinary title cases, or breaches of contract, or that sort of thing," insisted Sarah. "He says so himself."

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Goode, who shared the romantic proclivities of her young daughter. "A diamond robbery and a beautiful girl! Of course she didn't do it."

"Oh," cried Eleanor, impatiently, stamping her foot, "how impracticable you all are! Why shouldn't she be guilty? Can't a pretty girl be wicked as well as a plain one? As if looks mattered! But all the same, I'm glad Bob has had a good opening in the courts. And now, mamma, you must have a cup of tea, and lie down awhile before dinner."

"I'd wager my existence," said Mr. Robert Goode, making a desperate attack on the cold ham and radishes that garnished the breakfast table, "that she's innocent. Only, here comes up this question: Where are the jewels?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, incredulously, "that's the question—where are the jewels? How you men are dazzled by a pair of bright eyes!"

Mr. Goode had given his sister a long account of the legal tangle, complicating it still further by learned technicalities and a careless repetition of "my client," "the defendant" and the "complainant," to all of which she had given but a half attention, and at the end of the meal she rose hurriedly.

"I'll go out for a little," said she. "I want to see a dear friend of mine, who must think I'm neglecting her shockingly."

And in the soft July sunset she went to the big house on Fifty-seventh street, and timidly pressing the electric button, inquired for Miss Kasson.

The tall butler froze her with a glance.

"Ain't been 'ere for a long time," said he, and shut the door unceremoniously in her face.

And she returned home in great amazement.

In her absence Mr. Robert Goode had been "turning the place upside down," as little Sarah expressed it, in search of a bag to carry his papers in.

"The lock of mine is out of order," he said "and I can't get it back until Wednesday. Any one of your bags will do. Nonsense! Do you think I want a Saratoga trunk?" as Sarah produced her mother's travelling case. "Or a doll-baby's satchel?" as she reached down her own from the top shelf. "Is this all you have got?"

"There's Nell's shopping bag," said the little girl. "It's littler than mother's and bigger than mine."

"Get it then—quick! there's a dear little dot! Oh, don't stop to dust it!"

"But I must," plead the housewifely little thing. "It was on top of the wardrobe, where Nell put it before she went to Orange county to bring mother home. And it's—awfully dusty! And I think there's something in it, too."

She was fumbling at the catch, when Robert caught it from her.

"Pshaw!" said he, impatiently. "A box of candy!"

He tore the pink ribbon knot apart, the lid dropped off, and little Sarah, standing on tiptoe to look into the bag, stepped back with a shriek. Something from the inside seemed to flash up into their eyes like imprisoned fire.

At the same time Eleanor came into the room; flinging her hat and scarf wearily down.

"So," cried Robert, looking up with a face which would have furnished a study to any physiognomist, "you are the one who stole the Grafton diamonds!"

"I? The Grafton diamonds? What do you mean, Bob? Have you gone crazy?" gasped Eleanor. "What are you doing in my room?"

"We found the diamonds here in a box in your leather bag," said her brother. "The diamond necklace for the theft of which poor Miss Kasson is on trial!"

"Miss—Kasson! You never mean that it is Miriam Kasson—my friend Miriam."

"Didn't I tell you so this very day?" cried Goode.

"You never mentioned her name at all. You kept saying my 'client'—'the defendant.' But, oh, Bob, I know it all now! I was there—at the big house on Fifty-seventh street, the day before I went to Orange county for mother. I was in Miriam's room, and I opened her bureau drawer to find a pin, and I thought it would be a joke to take her box of candy away. I never dreamed what was in it, and when I got home and found the telegram from Aunt Laura, I first flung the bag down and thought no more of the whole thing. Oh, poor, poor darling Milly! But how came the diamonds in her possession?"

"Don't you know? But how should you?" said Mr. Goode. "The necklace was put in her special charge to be delivered to the jeweller who was to call for it at three o'clock. And when he called it was gone, But it's all right now. Great Scott! Nell, who would suppose that you were the thief?"

Eleanor mode an hysteric grasp at her brother's arm.

"Will they arrest me, Bob?" stammered she. "Will they put me in prison? But I don't care, so long as Milly is no longer unjustly suspected. Yes, I am thief! But—but I didn't know it. And I never meant it!"

And she burst into a storm of mingled tears and laughter,

There was a rather unusual scene in court that day when the necklace itself was presented in evidence before the legal luminaries.

The complaint was withdrawn and the prisoner was honorably discharged. The composed and aristocratic Mrs. General Grafton was greatly moved, and made many apologies to Miss Kasson for the position she had taken.

The newspaper reporters got a great many "points" for the evening editions, and Mr. Goode, the "rising young lawyer" left court with Miss Kasson leaning on his arm, amid a tempest of applause.

"Lucky dog, that!" said his compeers. "After this his fortune is made!,"

"And all because of my foolish little practical joke," said Eleanor. "After this I never shall want to look at a chocolate again. But, Milly, darling, why did you not send to me in your trouble?"

"Could I bear to have my dearest friend know that I was suspected of theft?" sighed Miriam. "And when I knew the name of the counsel assigned to me by the court my lips were more tightly sealed than ever. Oh, Nell, he has been so good—so noble! He has never doubted me for a moment, even when appearances were most against me. No, I shall not go back to Mrs. Grafton's, although she has begged me to do so."

"You will come home with me," said Eleanor, caressingly. "Yes, you must—you shall!"

"I will stay with you," she said, "until I get another situation."

But she never took another situation. Any one could have guessed the outcome of it all. Even little Sarah guessed it, when she said,—

"I do believe that our Bob has fallen in love with Miss Kasson!"

A NARROW ESCAPE!

How it Happened.

The following remarkable event in a lady's life will interest the reader: "For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I couldn't sweep a room without sitting down and resting; but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all that is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors without any benefit until I was both discouraged and disgusted. My husband bought me a bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and am happy to say I never regretted it, as I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. I weighed 125 pounds when I began taking the remedy, and now I weigh 130½. Its effect in my case has been truly marvelous. It far surpasses any other medicine I have ever taken or any benefit I ever received from physicians."—Mrs. Harry Starr, Pottsville, Pa., October 12, 1892.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles $5, express prepaid. This great discovery by an eminent specialist in heart disease, contains neither opiates nor dangerous drugs.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"Then times were good,
Merchants cared not a rush
For any other fare,
Than Johnny cake and mush."

But now times have changed, and the plain and simple fare of the forefathers is done away with. Patent flour, and strong drinks, have taken its place; and, as a result, dyspepsia, impure blood, and diseases of the stomach, liver and lungs are numerous. This great change has led one of the most skillful physicians to study out a remedy for these modern diseases, which he has named his "Golden Medical Discovery." Dr. Pierce in this remedy has found a cure for Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, in its early stages, and "Liver Complaints."

ORTHOGRAPHY is commonly reckoned a pretty dry subject, but there is no branch of knowledge but may be brightened by a skillful teacher. A visitor was chatting with the little daughter of the family. "What do you study at school?" he asked. "Readin' an' writin' an' 'rithmetic, an' spellin'." "Well, well! What a bright little girl you are! And what study do you like best?" "Spellin'." "Indeed! Most children do not. Why do you like spelling?" "Cause every time I spell a word the teacher laughs."

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAINS MERCURY, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physcians, as the prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Drggists, price 75c. per bottle.

"How do you get along with Miss Coy?" "Well, I should have hopes of winning her, but I honestly think I have no chance." "If you think you have no chance why should you have hopes of winning her?" "Well, they say if you are courting a girl and she seems to prefer another, it is evident she loves you." "Does she seem to prefer another?" "She does. She eloped with Jolliboy last night."

Years of study, experiment and scientific investigation have given the world Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets, the only sure cure for the Tobacco habit known. They have proven a great blessing to the thousands who have found health and new life through them, and the testimonials received breathe the sentiments of grateful thanks. They are sold by all leading druggists.

FRIEND:—"You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out?" Business Man (wearily):—"Great success. He's teaching me now."

If you want to get cured take Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. It's the best. Try it. 50 cents.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28, 1893

At last, the silver incubus has been lifted from the markets. The opposition have split upon methods of co-operation for obstruction, and that has given them a good excuse for the surrender which they all now acknowledge to be inevitable. Voting will therefore be undertaken immediately, and with a certainty of a good majority for a complete and permanent suspension of Treasury purchases of silver.

This is a national relief the benefits of which it is impossible to over-estimate. The country is now placed in a position for protecting itself from the unknown future consequences of the depreciation and domonetization of silver. The nation is free to provide for itself a currency system based upon the common money of the world, adapted to its peculiar wants and elastic and self regulative in its movements. A doubt has been removed,—we may hope forever,—from our credit with the large holders of our investments in foreign countries. A solid assurance is now given to the world that American obligations will be paid in gold or its equivalent; and this means that, whenever in the process of our marvelous national development, it may be advantageous to borrow European capital, there will be no difficulty in procuring it. We henceforth rank among the nations not only first as to productive resources, but also equal with the foremost as to soundness and stability of monetary arrangements. Ever since the Bland-Allison law was enacted, there has been, among European authorities and the great bankers who control the currents of investment, a steadily growing misgiving as to what might be the outcome of our ever increasing commitments to silver money. That doubt is finally settled; and it is impossible to assign a limit to the consequent elevation of the status of our securities at the European centres. The resumption of gold payments so benefited our foreign credit that, within the two next succeeding years, we made a net import of $167,000,000 of gold. The country has now emphatically declared that its ability to maintain payments in gold shall never be impaired by an undue admixture of silver; and it remains to be seen how far this momentous assurance will conduce to a new influx of the yellow metal. Already, in anticipation of the action of the Senate, foreign exchange has reached the point at which the importation of gold is possible and London is making shipments for New York.

As yet, there has not been time to show what effects upon general business are likely to follow this great restoration of confidence. The late depression has, of course, extinguished some concerns and crippled others; but the proportion of this injured class to those who remain strong and retain their former resources is very trifling; and it always strengthens a situation to have its weaker elements weeded out. Some remnant of caution must remain, but there is no reason why it should have any important retarding effect upon either industry, trade or finance. Two all important facts are to be kept in view,—first the material interests of the country are in a sound and conservative condition, entirely exempt from either speculation or inflation of values; and, next, credit is sufficiently restored to enable all legitimate borrowers to get what funds they may need, while capital is beginning to seek employment at low rates. A further important fact is that stocks of merchandise have been reduced to an exceptionally low condition, so that there must soon be a movement for replenishing them. Under these circumstances, it seems almost inevitable that the enactment of the repeal bill will be followed by a general revival of business. Indeed, we notice already the extension of credit accommodation to a class of mercantile borrowers who have been long excluded from the market, and the banks are becoming as anxious to lend and discount as they have been disinclined to those operations.

Wall Street has promptly put its estimate upon the new conditions by an advance of 5@6 points in the prices of stocks. Nor is this a purely speculative rise. Those who sold out their securities during the panic are now buying them back again, and these investment transactions sustain the rise against any reaction arising from realizings by speculative holders. The conviction appears to be general that, as prices have not yet recovered the level at which the panic struck them, a still further rise may be expected. This view is strengthened by the consideration that an improvement in general trade will increase the earnings of the railroads, the business of which has been showing a steady gain during the past month.

We regard this hopeful view of the market as warranted by the new condition of affairs, and confidently expect a still higher range of prices for the good active properties.

HENRY CLEWS.

S.S.S.

PURELY a vegetable compound, made entirely of roots and herbs gathered from the forests of Georgia, and has been used by millions of people with the best results. It

CURES

All manner of Blood diseases, from the pestiferous little boil on your nose to the worst cases of inherited blood taint, such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh and

SKIN CANCER

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

FAR AND WIDE.

Not on this broad continent alone, but in malarial breeding topical regions, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America, the Isthmus of Panama, and elsewhere, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords to inhabitants and sojourners protection against malaria. The miner, the freshly arrived immigrant, the tiller of the virgin soil newly robbed of its forests by the axe of the pioneer, find in the superb antifebrile specific a preserver against the poisonous miasma which in vast districts rich in natural resources, is yet fertile in disease. It annihilates disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, fortifies those who use it against rheumatic ailments breed and fostered by outdoor exposure; infuses genial warmth into a frame chilled by a rigorous temperature, and robs of their power to harm morning and evening mists and vapors laden with hurtfulness; strengthens the weak and conquers incipient kidney trouble.

MARRIED DAUGHTER:—Oh dear! such a time as I do have with that husband of mine! I don't have a minute's peace when he's in the house. He's always calling me to help do something or other." Mother:—"What does he want now?" Daughter:—"He wants me to traipse away upstairs just to thread a needle for him, so he can mend his clothes."

Scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

"Well, what did you learn at school today?" "That two negatives make an affirmative," answered the little boy. "And what does that mean, pray?" "Dunno. Teacher did'nt have no time to tell us."

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

It Never fails to Cure—MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

"Do you play cards?" "No." "Billiards?" "No." "Do you bowl?" "No." "Go to the theatre?" "Never." "Then I am sure you can lend me five dollars."

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all remedies fail. Ills. book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 653 Bdw., N. Y. 14-44

Road Grading Machinery

The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The Supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the superyisors and tax payers of Walker twp. Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

Champion Road Roller

After your roads and streets are macadamized, the Champion Road Roller, operated by horses, can be used to great advantage in rolling down the loose stone to make the road smooth. Those in want of Road Machinery will promote their own interest by inspecting the above machinery before purchasing.

Further information, as to prices and merit, will be furnished on application.

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WILL DO all that is claimed for it AND MORE. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to Life of Mother and Child. Book to "MOTHERS" mailed FREE, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WHITES - - - -

Canada Thistle

- - Exterminator.

FACTORY AT BELLEFONTE, PA., IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE BELLEFONTE CAR WORKS.

This is a discovery that is destined to prove a blessing to every farmer and land owner.

Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every lot sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockerhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, $2.50, OR $5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

Factory at Bellefonte Car Works. Orders addressed to Samuel White, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention. Terms CASH on receipt of goods. Isaac Haupt authorized agent.

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24-23-3m

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Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellef[illegible] Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

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LOWEST PRICES AND
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Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.
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I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets. In old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.

CHARLES McCLELLAN.
10-1f.

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DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR
Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More Ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine.
YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

ANTI-STIFF

IS A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, STIFF NECK, SORE THROAT, BRUISES, AND SPRAINS.

Rub well into the affected part, and you will soon be convinced of its efficacy.

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WHOLESALE, E. FOUGERA & CO., NEW YORK.
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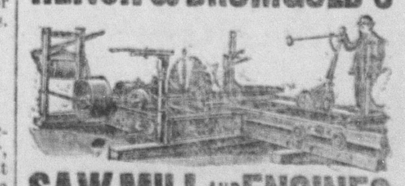

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A wonderful improvement in Friction Feeds and Gig-Back. Back motion of Carriage three times as fast as any other in the market. Friction Clutch Feed, causing all the feed gearing to stand still while backing; great saving in power and wear. Write for circulars and prices; furnished free upon application. Also Spring Tooth Harrows, Hay Rakes, Cultivators, Corn Planters, Shellers, etc. *Mention this paper.*

HENCH & DROMGOLD, Manfrs., YORK, PA.

Bellefonte Republican.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Work has been commenced on the Howard water works.

—Friday was the 211th anniversary of the landing of William Penn.

—Thanksgiving is coming on apace and the turkey fattening process is in operation.

—Gen. D. H. Hastings returned to his home in Bellefonte on Monday morning's train.

—Clearfield jail now contains 34 prisoners, 14 of the number being residents of Dubois.

—The Mill Hall brick works have been awarded a medal at the World's Fair for best brick exhibited.

—Mr. Samuel White has opened a general merchandise and grocery store in Rebersburg, this county.

—Judge Orvis' resident on East Linn street has been beautified by the erection of a large porch around it.

—The *Centre Democrat* will this year print the ballots for use in Centre county. It will take fifteen thousand to go around.

—The general merchandise store of H. M. Gray, at Glen Emery Mines, was burglarized to the extent of $40 last Saturday night.

—Yesterday was All Saints' day in the calendar of the Catholic church, and today is All Souls' day. Both these days are observed as holidays.

—An oyster supper, etcetera, will be held at the Episcopal rectory next Thursday evening, November 9th. The price of the supper will be but 35 cents.

—Isn't that a dandy brick crossing recently put down from Crider's building to the Benner residence? Several more of the same kind would certainly bring distress to a town.

—The Christian Endeavor Society of Howard will hold an oyster supper next Tuesday afternoon and evening, Election day. Oysters, ice cream, cake, etc., will be served

—There were fewer Hallow e'en depredators in Bellefonte Tuesday night than there have been for years. Of course, the boys had their little bit of fun, but they done nothing bad.

—Last Friday morning the large planing mill of Duck, Frank & Hockman, of Millheim, Pa., was destroyed by fire. The loss will foot up several thousand dollars, with no insurance.

—The Bellefonte Board of Trade held its regular weekly meeting Tuesday evening. Several questions of more or less importance were discussed but little final business transacted.

—This is not a good year for Republicans to cut their ticket. Vote straight, and the way to do this is to place a cross, X, in the circle at the head of the Republican column of candidates.

—Mr. William Burnside, a son of the eminent Judge Burnside, died Tuesday evening at his home in Philadelphia. He was aged about 75 years. The deceased was born and raised in Bellefonte.

—The plaining mill of T. D. Beyer & Co., of Tyrone, was threatened with destruction by fire on Monday evening. The fire caught in the drying room but was extinguished before much damage was done.

—The "Ovide Musin Company," a musical organization, will appear in Garman's opera house next Thursday evening, November 9th. This is said to be one of the best musical Companies on the road. They should be well patroniged.

—It is rumored that the Central Pennsylvania railroad company has purchased the Alexander meadow, this side of the nail works, paying $5,000 for the same. It is probable this ground will be used for the erection of shops and a round house.

—Treasurer J. J. Gramley has purchased the grocery store of L. Wian, on Allegheney street and took charge of the same Tuesday morning. Mr. Gramley will carry on the grocery business in his usual business-like and energetic way and we predict success for him.

—The county commissioners are sending out to the different election districts the curtains for the booths which will be used this year in accordance with the provisions of the revised ballot law. The election blanks and tickets will also be delivered within the next few days.

—By an act of the last legislature election day was fixed as a legal holiday. But the act made no provision for bankers and they are now in a quandary to know what to do with notes falling due on that day. On all other holidays the law provides that notes are payable the day before.

—Work has progressed very rapidly at the foot of Lamb street where space is being made for the station and terminus of the new Central Pennsylvania railroad. The limestone bluff is rapidly disappearing and Spring creek is being filled up at that side. The one span of the bridge has been taken away and the place filled and leveled up. It is the purpose to straighten Water street, by running it in past the electric light works. The depot will be on the west side and the railroad tracks next the creek.

THE ARMOR WILL CASE.

Judge Furst Files Another Opinion Overruling the Associate Judges.

Judge A. O. Furst, on Monday, read a supplemental decree in the Armor will case. It sets aside the verdict of the jury and all the proceedings since that time. The Court, after rehearsing the preliminary proceedings, which have already been given, said:

"Since then, we are informed that our brethren, the associate judges, who are unlearned in the law, on the 20th of October, in our absence from home, and without any notice to us, or knowledge on our part (at a day fixed for a special court to be presided over by Judge Sadler whom we had invited here to hear an argument upon a motion for a new trial in an action of ejectment he had tried between the Tyrone Mining Co. and James Cross) sat as an appellate court and filed a decree, reversing, as they thought, the judgment we had entered, and directed judgment to be entered upon the verdict. At whose instance they acted thus, without any consultation with the President Judge, and who advised and prepared the decree for them, we refrain from saying anything, except only to say that such conduct does not merit favor with any court, nor is it calculated to preserve the integrity of the judgments of the Court, nor to win a cause which ought not to be won.

We accord to our brethren upon the bench cheerfully any right vested in them.

We recognize their privilege to file their views in all cases where judgment is desired and is proper. To this we do not object. We had made it our duty to consult them upon any question, whether in the Common Pleas or any other of the courts where their judgment could aid the Court. We, however, have never requested them to charge the jury. We have not asked them to answer written points submitted to the Court upon trial of cases. We have not requested to rule upon objections to the admission of evidence and all like cases, which is the peculiar duty of the law judge alone; neither do we recognize their right to sit as an appellate court, as seems to have been done in this case.

With their functions we have never interfered. Our relations are and have been most agreeable and pleasant, and therefore we are the more surprised that this method should have been adopted to void the judgement of the Court. Since, however, it has been resorted to it may not be improper now for the court to amend and modify our former decree and place the record in such form and shape as to avoid any question as to who is or are the real plaintiff or plaintiffs and defendants, and we have accordingly prepared the following decree to be entered in this case and to be certified with this opinion into the orphan's court, and, upon the filing thereof, we have prepared the decree in the Orphans' Court to be entered in said court in connection therewith and direct that the same be duly entered by the clerk.

SUPPLEMENTAL DECREE.

And now, to wit, October 30th, 1893, upon due consideration of the motion filed in the above case, being a reserved question, wherein the court reserved their judgment, and which motion and reservation are as follows, viz. "At the close of the evidence, counsel for contestee moves the court for binding instructions to the jury that the evidence is insufficient to submit the question of mental capacity or undue influence to the jury, the Court reserved the following question as a reserved point, namely, whether there is any evidence upon which contestants (the defendants) are entitled to recover."

By the Court. After due and full consideration thereof, agreeably to an opinion filed in said court which is referred to as our reasons for so ruling and in accordance with an opinion herewith filed explanatory of our former opinion, we hold and rule as matter of law that the evidence in the cause on the part of the contestants is wholly insufficient in law to submit to the jury upon either issue; and we further hold, upon all the evidence in the cause, that the evidence is insufficient to sustain a verdict against the will of Ruth B. Armor, deceased. And we, therefore, in accordance there with, modify our former judgment entered on the 13th of October instant, and in lieu thereof and as a substitute therefore, we set aside the verdict. And we further direct that the clerk of said court enter this judgment and decree of record, and that he certify this opinion, and also our former opinion filed October 13th, and this decree to the Orphans' Court, with our recommendation to said court to make an order and decree vacating the decree heretofore made by said court for a feigned issue to determine the validity of the will of Ruth B. Armor deceased. By the Court,

A. O. FURST, P. J.

THE NEW ROAD WINS.

The long awaited decision of Judge Krebs on the several crossings over the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad and its branches by the new railroad, the Altoona and Philipsburg, of which Samuel P. Langdon is president, was made public Saturday. The decision is favorable to the new company, grade crossings being allowed except in one case.

The road will be in operation between Philipsburg and Osceola as soon as the crossings are made, and in about two weeks will be in operation as far as Houtzdale. Work will be continued on the road until a junction is made with the Altoona, Clearfield and Northern railway at Dougherty's mines, 12 mines east of Altoona, of which company Mr. Langdon is also president, and which line a large undeveloped coal territory lies.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

The great success of the concert, as might have been anticipated, was Ovide Musin, of whose talents we feel unable to say enough. Musin is more than an artist. He is a genious to whom the violin seems native. To hear him play one would almost believe that he was inspired by the very genius of his wonderful instrument. Such sweetness of tone, such exquisite beauty of sound, could not have been acquired by years of study. It must have been born in him, and it seems, to hear him play, as though he could not for his life help producing exquisite harmony. We know nothing of the technique of his art, but we know there is a something about Musin's playing that is entirely captivating. He was received with rapturous applause and favored the audience by complying with several persistent encores. Surely, if Musin ever comes to Cleveland again with his magnificent company, he will be greeted with a full house.—Cleveland (O.) *Plaindealer*.

SPECIAL TO STATE COLLEGE.

On Saturday afternoon the Western University foot ball eleven, of Pittsburg, will play the State College team on Beaver Athletic field at State College. This is going to be one of the best games to be played at the College this season. The home team is one of the strongest college teams in the State while the Western University Eleven is the best team in Western Pennsylvania. The game will be called at 2 o'clock and if a crowd of one hundred will go up the Bellefonte Central railroad company will run a special train from Bellefonte to the College and return, leaving here at 1 o'clock and returning immediately after the game. The fare for the round trip, including admission to the game will be but $1.00. At the same time the new grand stand will be opened with due ceremony, General Beaver being booked to make a speech on that occasion.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

The Epworth League, of this place, at their regular meeting on Monday evening elected the following officers to serve the following six months: President, James Ryan; first vice president Miss Ida Green; second vice president, Edward McGinness; third vice president, Miss Lilly Smith; fourth vice president, Miss Emma Holliday; Secretary, Miss Ella Johnston; treasurerr Miss Mable Cowdrick.

The report of the delegates to the convention at Williamsport, was presented and proved very encouragling. A vote of thanks was tendered the delegates.

BIG COAL DEAL PENDING.

The Dubois Courier learns from New York that Mr. Jake Truby, of Gazzam, and Mr. Peter McCauley, have placed the sale of coal lands held by them in the hands of Messrs. G. A. Purbeck & Co, of New York, London, Paris and Amsterdam; that an English syndicate is already looking into the matter, and samples of coal, maps, etc., have been forwarded to London. When Messrs. Truby and McCauley were interviewed they had nothing to say, but finally admitted that Messrs. Purbeck & Co. had the matter in hand.

HORSE STOLEN.

On Monday morning a roan mare was stolen from the stable of Geo. S. Gray, 1½ miles east of Stormstown, this county, the animal was 14 years. old weight about 1050 pounds had a bluff of spavin mark on the left hind leg, and was light with foal. This horse is an excellent pacer and at one time was on the track.

The horse was recovered near Tyrone, on Monday evening, but nothing was learned of the thief or who it might have been.

KELLAR WAS HERE.

The inimitable and only Kellar, the wonderful magician was at Garman's opera house last Saturday night and performed his almost miraculous tricks to one of the largest audiences ever seen at that place. It is needless to say that all were well pleased. Mr. Kellar is constantly adding new tricks and featnres and he now gives one of the finest exhibitions in the world. Meyer's orchestra was present and furnished delightful music.

—Herbert Keppner, a brakeman on the middle division, early Saturday morning fell off his train at McNelis's crossing just west of Tyrone station, and was instantly killed. He was badly mangled by the wheels. The remains were prepared for burial by Undertakers Burley & Graham and on day express were shipped to Harrisburg where the deceased resided. He leaves a wife and family to mourn his untimely end.—*Tyrone Herald*.

PENNA. SABBATH SCHOOLS

The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School association, in session last week in Pittsburg, reports Pennsylvania as the strongest Sabbath school state in the Union in number of scholars and teachers. There are 9,562 schools, 136,256 teachers and officers and 1,247,320 scholars, making a grand total of 1,386,276 interested in Sunday school work.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Jerome A. Confer,	Ida M. Heaton	Boggs
W. H. Carner,	Margaret Brickley,	Jefferson, Co Romola
Sohn Stonebraker,	Ann Cartwright,	Sandy Ridge "

NOVEMBER WEATHER.

Irl Hicks, the weather prophet, in his fore cast for November says that about the 2nd and 3d of November will centre a reactionary change to warmer, which change will begin in the west with southerly winds, growing cloudiness and rain. These conditions will advance eastward during the 3d and 4th, followed closely by the shifting of the wind to westerly and colder. About the 7th a very marked storm period will begin. Both the "Vulcan" and Mercury disturbances are central on the 8th, making direct connection with the new moon on the morning of the same day. This period will set in with a decided change to warmer in western parts, resulting in very active storms of rain and wind, turning to snow and sleet in many places northward, and followed promptly by a severe and general cold wave. From about the 8th to 10th, beginning in the west, all parts of the country will in turn experience the progressive and changing phases of the period. There are reasons to apprehend hard and dangerous gales in connection with the disturbances of this period, especially on the lakes and northerly seas. Sharp cold and freezing may be expected immediately behind the area of low barometers, and storms, causing cold and frosty weather, generally up to the changes to warmer and stormy from about the 14th to 16th. Be on the watch for sudden changes to colder after the storm area of each period passes to the east of your locality.

The opposition of Jupiter occurs on the 18th, and there is much indication that these oppositions greatly excite all atmospheric perturbations occurring about such times. This opposition will likely be felt most severely during the storm period running from the 20th to the 23d. The Venus excitement will also be present at this period, giving good grounds for fearing heavy storms as a result. Heed our warning and be on the watch for them and for the cold that will press behind them on land and water. The final crisis of this period may not come until full moon on the 23d, but be ready for severe storms with danger on the lakes at any time during the period. The Venus extremes from warm to sudden piercing cold, with thunder and rain, turning to northwest gales and snow, will show themselves at this time.

The Venus equinox is central on the 20th, and its influence will be plainly felt in all the disturbances for about twenty days before and twenty days after that date. Ordinary or normal disturbances otherwise will be excited into great and prolonged violence, so that many disasters will be heard from. The reactionary movement about the 23d to 27th will feel the central force of this Venus period and wind up in great cold. So will the regular storm period, which begins about the last day of the month and runs into the opening days of December.

THE POTOMAC SYNOD.

The Potomac Synod of the Reformed Church finished its work and finally adjourned at Gettysburg. Dr. W. C. Schaeffer Ph. D., of Huntingdon, was chosen theological professor in Catawba College, N. C. The statistical committee reported as follows: Ministers, 161; congregations, 308; members, 35,065; unconfirmed, 20,163; infant baptisms, 1,897; adult baptisms, 349; confirmed, 175; certificates, 916; communicants, 28,165; Sunday schools, 275; officers and teachers, 5,269; Sunday school scholars, 25,482; students for the ministry, 57; benevolent contributions, $40,457; congregational contributions, $152,073. The synod will meet on the third Tuesday of October, 1893, in York.

—The Sunday school institute of the western district of Huntingdon Presbytery held a session in Tyrone on Tuesday, convening at 2 o'clock. Two sessions were held, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. At the latter Gen. Beaver discussed "The Importance of Bible Study by the Adult Members of Our Churches in Connection with the Sabbath School." Prof. George A. Joplin enumerated the "Qualifications and Tribulations of the Sabbath School Superintendent," and Rev. J. W. Bain discussed how the Sunday school should be "Prepared for the Presbyterial Visiting Committee."

—Anna M. Victor, of Uniontown, sued the Pennsylvania railroad company for $50,000 damages. On hearing the testimoney Judge Ewing refused to allow the case to go to the jury and recorded verdict for the company, the rule being that a person cannot claim damages for injuries received in getting off a moving train. There is a notice on the door of every car that passengers must not attempt to get off until the car stops. If anyone neglects the notice and attempts to leave the car before it stops, and is injured in the operation, he cannot receive damages for injuries sustained.

—The New York Tribune in a recent notice, said: "Unlike other foreign artists who come to this country, Musin has the wisdom of surrounding himself with a first-class company, and is happy when his company receive some of the glory he receives each night, hence his great success, both financially and artistically, in America On his last California tour he played fifteen nights to an average of $1,200 per night, the largest receipts made by any virtuoso in America.

—Last week the Sheriff and assistants went all over Centre county tacking up posters upon which was printed the election proclamation. A few days afterwards there came a very heavy rain and a high wind and a large number of the proclamations were blown down. How much better and more satisfactory to the voters it would have been, if the Sheriff had published his proclamation in the newspapers, like they are doing in every other county in the State.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

District attorney Singer took in the closing exercises of the World's Fair.

O. Hannon, of this place, has moved to Wolf's Store, where he has engaged to work on a farm.

Mr. J. W. Gephart is in Philadelphia transacting business in connection with the new railroad.

The bride and groom, Rev. W. J. Wagner and wife, returned from the wedding tour Monday evening.

Miss Agnes Hull, of this place attended the Colunbus ball club, which was held in Lock Haven last Friday evening.

W. Galor Morrison spent several days of last week in Philipsburg and Rush township looking after his political fences.

Mr. W. A. Goodwin, of Philadelphia, has come to Bellefonte to preside as organist in the Episcopal church. The choir is to be enlarged and reorganized.

Miss Claire Saylor, one of the efficient compositors in the REPUBLICAN office, spent a few days with friends in Snow Shoe the past week, returning Tuesday evening.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Miss. Ella Garner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Garner, of State College, and sister of Mrs. Samuel Sankey, of Philipsburg, died on Sunday, October 22nd, after a few hours' illness. She was entertaining some friends in the parlor of her home on Saturday evening when she was seized with a severe pain in the region of the heart. She was put to bed and a physician summoned, but notwithstanding all that could be done, she died on Sunday morning. She was an excellent young lady, very much liked and respected, and her sudden death evoked widespread sympathy for her parents and brothers and sisters. A particularly sad feature connected with the case was the absence of her father and brother, who were at the World's fair, and unable to get home even for the funeral, which occurred Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sankey drove to State College on Sunday morning, but did not arrive in time to see the young lady alive.

TWO MORE ESCAPE.

Last week we made mention of the escape of two prisoners from the county jail. This week we are again called upon to chronicle the escape of two more, Samuel Meese and William Watkins. They went through the same hole the other two went out at. The stone had been replaced but, before the mortar was thoroughly dried, the men removed it and took French leave. Our readers can draw their own conclusion as to who is to blame for these escapes.

DEATH NEAR BEECH CREEK.

Mrs. Belinda Mason, widow of Ira Mason, of Beech Creek, died at her home in Liberty township, Centre county, on Friday, October 27, at the advanced age of 82 years, and was buried from the residence of Ira N. McCloskey Sunday. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Harvey Lamkin, of the M. E. church. Interment made in the cemetery at Beech Creek.

—Messrs. J. Malcolm Laurie and Oscar Yeager are about opening up a new steam laundry in Bellefonte, in a room of the Logan Machine works in the rear of the REPUBLICAN office. Both these young men are enterprising and, as there is enough of laundry work sent away from Bellefonte to keep one good establishment running, we see no reason why they should not succeed admirably.

POSTMASTER FIEDLER RESIGNS.

It is reliably reported that James A. Fiedler has sent in his resignation as postmaster in this place, to take effect immediately upon the appointment of his successor. Mr. Fiedler's four years would not have been up until February, 1894. What a scrambling there will now be among the democratic aspirants for that appointment.

—After being internally remodeled, the Reformed church will again be open on Sunday next Nov. 5th. Service in the morning at 10:30, in the afternoon at 2:30 Sunday School; service also in the evening at 7 o'clock. The public are cordially invited to attend any or all of these services. Let there be a full attendance at the Sunday school.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

THE TRIAL LIST.

For Second Week of Court Commencing November 31st.

Joseph Ross vs Jeremiah Eckenroth.
Rev Isaac Kreider vs Benj Korl's heirs.
Isabella Lohr vs Philipsburg boro.
Mary A Blake vs L W Glover.
James & Lot Kimport vs M G Brown.
Mary E Fravel vs Sarah Crissman exrs.
John C Motz vs Harvey Bishop.
The Frey Sheckler Co. vs Est. Wm R Miller, decd.
Carrie Wilson vs Harry McCauley.
L F McGargel et al vs E M Huyett et al.
Munson Glass Co vs McCalmont & Co.
Jacob Garbrick vs David Harter.
James Higgins vs Mack and Nagle,
W E Church vs Est of W R Miller decd,
Foster Fannon vs D R Thomas.
Danville State Hospital vs Bellefonte poor overseers.
Alfred Jones vs Penna State College.
Mary V Hale et al vs Bellefonte Central R R Co.
Philip Collins vs Bellefonte Central R R company.
John Glenn vs Samuel Swabb.
Conrad Immel vs Beecher and Sober.
Wm F Peters vs Willis Weaver and L C Bullock.
Wm C Sheesley vs J A Wolfe.
Geo E Rider vs Samuel Harpster.
Sarah M Richards vs Mattern Bros.
B E & N V Pike R R Co vs Centre Co.
Bfte. and Phg. Turnpike Road Co. vs Centre county.
Benj F Nearhord vs Jonathan Auman.
Elizabeth D Kunes vs John B Shaw, et al.

REGISTERED VOTERS.

The following is a list of voters registered in the several districts of Centre county:

Bellefonte boro—N W, 418; S W, 383; W W, 169; Centre Hall, 111; Howard, 157; Milesburg, 146; Millheim, 174; Philipsburg—1st W, 239, 2nd W, 362, 3rd W, 285; South Philipsburg, 107; Unionville, 99; Benner twp, 274; Boggs—E P, 116; W P, 270; N P, 94; Burnside, 109; College—E P, 280; W P, 170; Curtin, 118; Ferguson—E P, 258; W P, 160; Gregg—N P, 94; W P, 200; E P, 165; Haines—E P, 160; W P, 241; Halfmoon, 163; Harris, 216; Howard twp, 213; Huston, 180; Liberty, 305; Marion, 148; Miles—W P, 98; M P, 182; E P, 91; Patton, 180; Penn, 251; Potter—N P, 179; S P, 285; Rush—N P, 253; S P, 150; Snow Shoe—E P, 233; W P, 112; Spring, N P, 199; S P, 288; W P, 200; Taylor, 102; Union, 187; Walker, 309; Worth, 178.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., October 30, 1893.

Ned Bradley, W. N. Campbell, Joseph Caruso, Mrs. Lizzie Heckman Mary Jackman, Arb Korney, A. F. Lee, Edward Pearson, Wilson Rogers, L. Saltzburg, Geo. Wohlford.

When called for please say advertised

J. A. FIEDLER. P. M.

SHE WANTS A DIVORCE.

A suit for absolute divorce has been begun against John M. Ward, captain in the New York base ball team, and well known in Bellefonte, by his wife, Actress Helen Dauvray in New York. So far as known, Ward will not file an answer. Miss Dauvray declines to give the name of the co-respondent. The pair have lived apart since 1890, when on April 30, they signed articles of separation.

—Last Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, the death of Mrs. William Harrison occured at her home at Pleasant Gap Mrs. Harrison, was the daughter of the late Mr. Henny Eckenroth, of that place. She was aged about 24 years and was a lady of high esteem in that community. The funeral occured Tuesday forenoon.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 6
Mixed wheat per bushel	6
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	4
Rye per bushel	6
Corn (shelled)	5
Corn (ears)	4
Oats	3
Barley	4
Cloverseed, fair to good	8 4
do prime and extra prime	9
do choice	9 6
Flour, retail, per barrel	5
Flour, wholesale	4 4
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10
" prime timothy " "	11
" choice " " "	12

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	
Green apples, per bushel	8
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	1
Dried Currants, per pound	1
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 1
Beans, per quart	1
Fresh Butter, per pound	1
Cheese, per pound	1
Country Hams, per pound	1
Hams, sugar cured	
Shoulders	
Breakfast Bacon	
Country Bacon	
Lard, leaf, per pound	
Lard, country, per pound	
Eggs, per dozen	
Potatoes, per bushel	
Dried Beef	
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	
Country Side, per pound	
Canned Tomatoes, per can	2 —
Canned Corn, per can	
Lemons, per dozen	
Oranges, per dozen	40 —
Dried Sweet Corn, per pound	
Apple Butter, per gallon	
Roller Flour, per sack	1